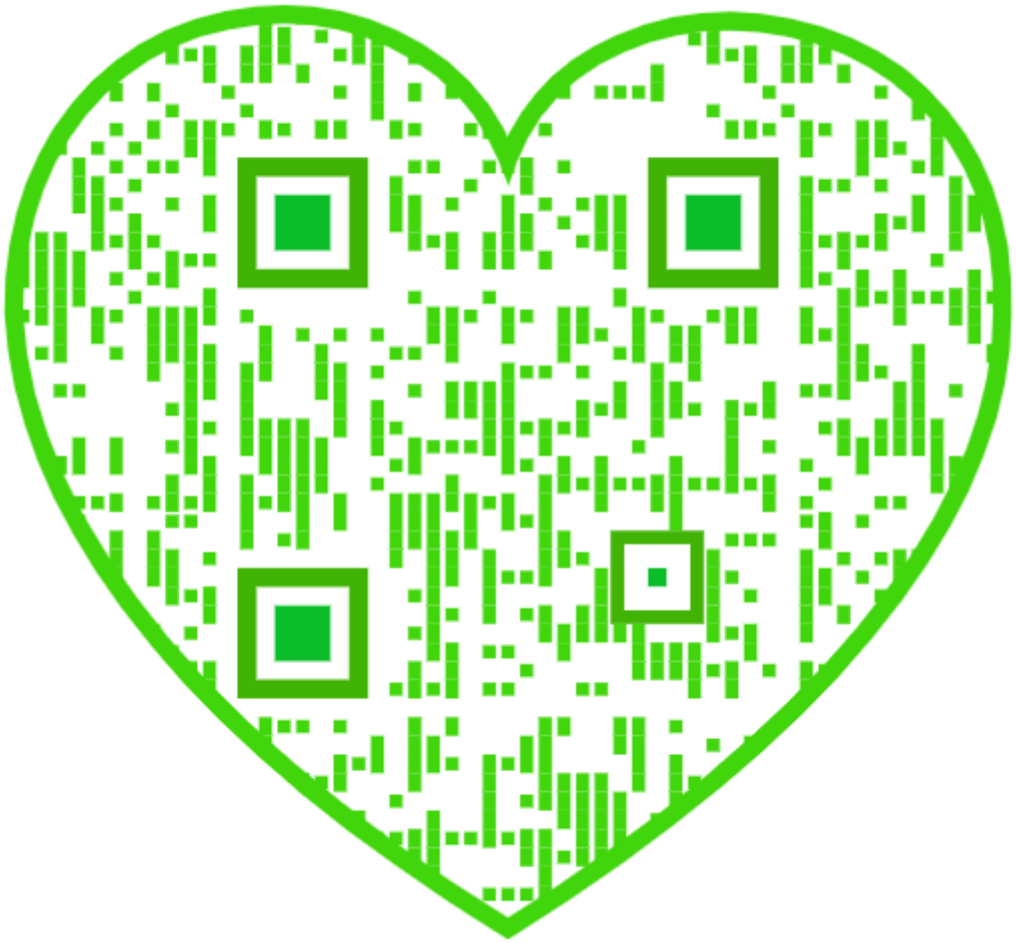
THE STORY in Primary Instruction



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THE STORY

IN

PRIMARY INSTRUCTION

SIXTEEN STORIES AND HOW TO USE THEM

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE STORY IN PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

The greatest need of the primary school to-day is some positive content or subject matter of instruction. The popular conception of such a school is that its main function is to teach the young child to read, write, and cipher. That is, that it has to do mainly with the formal aspects of language and numbers. So long as a certain amount of facility is gained in these formal arts, there is little disposition to demand anything more.

Even so great an authority as the Committee of Fifteen has championed this view, and has given as its deliberate judgment that the first four years of school life should be devoted to the mastery of the formal phases of instruction. While it may be contended that it is not meant to exclude the giving of a positive subject matter, still it is interpreted as sanctioning the present obvious over-emphasis of the formal side of language in our primary schools.

A strict conformity to this formal program would mean that the first four years of school life, the most impressionable

period in the pupil's school career, are to be empty of any real subject matter. The mastery of written and printed forms is to be set up as an end in itself, losing sight of the fact that they are but means for conveying the thought, feelings, experiences, and aspirations of the race from one generation to another.

When we consider what the child at the age of six or seven really is; when we consider his love of story, his hunger for the concrete material of knowledge, his deep interest in the widening of his experience,—it is evident that such a course is out of all harmony with his real nature. It is the giving of stones when the cry is for bread. It is even worse than the proverbial making of bricks without straw. It is attempting to make bricks with straw alone.

THE MASTERY OF A VOCABULARY NOT THE MATERIAL OF INSTRUCTION.

It will be granted that the mastery of a printed and a written vocabulary is of the utmost importance. As a subordinate end, the ability to interpret the printed page and to express thought in correct form is the most imperative demand upon the school. But these acquirements are not a content in themselves. They are not the material of instruction. In themselves, they do not enlarge the understanding or furnish the food which the young mind hungers for,—and must

have if it is maintained in a condition of health. They are mere forms, and the dwelling upon them during the impressionable years of childhood results in a deadening of his interest and dwarfing of his powers, so that the over-emphasis of this phase of education to the exclusion of content defeats its own ends.

Laying the foundation for a future character edifice, keeping active the developing interests, the widening of his experience, the formation of interpretative concepts,—these are of greater value from the point of view of language mastery, even of its spoken and written forms, than the persistent drill in its formal elements.

Language teaching must be approached from the content side if we are to get any genuine interest in the overcoming of difficulties on the part of the child. There is no interest for the child in the language forms themselves when presented in abstraction and emphasized as such. He may be drilled into proficiency, but the interest does not come from the relation of these formal elements to his own needs or activity. The interest has been external and it flags as soon as the external excitement is withdrawn. A genuine interest, an intrinsic one growing out of his own needs and nature, can be fostered only by supplying a subject matter adapted to the various levels of thought through which his development leads him. If this is furnished, it is no partial, intermittent

attention that the pupil gives. While dealing with such a content he is not forming the habit of mind-wandering and inattention so frequently seen when children are kept closely to word drill and to reading for elocutionary purposes.

A WIDER CIRCLE AND PURPOSE, GROWING OUT OF THE CHILD'S LIFE AND NEEDS.

The possession of a wide acquaintance with the standard subject matter of child literature before serious attempts at learning to read are made, will subordinate the acquisition of a reading vocabulary as means to an end desired on the part of the child. There will be purpose in it for him. The learning to read will be seen as a step necessary to a fuller expression of activities already going on, and difficulties will be overcome because their mastery is a means in a wider circle of purpose growing out of the child's own life and needs. If, in early years, the emphasis is removed from the form to the content side of instruction, if his native hunger for folklore and nature-material is satisfied, the learning to read will be lifted out of drudgery and will be accomplished with self-effort, and with a rapidity truly surprising.

The early forcing of technique is not a real gain in the child's education, however much may be apparently accomplished. Immediate results are not a safe guide for instruction in the primary grades. They are, many times, a positive loss

in time, and are gained at the expense of dwarfing the mental and physical powers. There is no real need of forcing the process of learning to read if the teacher is ready with a subject matter which the child is already going out to meet.

The time of the first year of school life would conduce far more to the child's progress if spent with learning to read and write as a secondary consideration, and the giving of a real body of culture, ethical, and nature material as a main purpose. Subsequent progress would be all the more rapid and instruction be all the more educative because a wider range of interest would call forth self-active participation of all the powers. The widening of experience and the formation of interpretative concepts would allow further instruction to be grasped with sufficient avidity to carry it over into actual assimilation into the self.

LANGUAGE TEACHING.

What has been said with regard to the relation of reading to a content is equally true with regard to what is known as language teaching. It is a hopeless task to endeavor to give skill in the use of language independent of a content which is not in accord with the pupil's own stage of development. The interest, to be genuine, and productive of self-effort, must always be in the content. An enrichment of his vocabulary, a proper use of words, correct form of oral and written speech

must come, not for themselves, but as results of an effort to the adequate expression of something which the pupil is interested to communicate.

The widespread criticism directed against the results of language teaching in our schools no doubt has something of justification. This defect does not come from lack of attention to the matter, or from indifference on the part of the teachers, but largely from the over-emphasis of the purely formal aspects of language. The matter is approached from the wrong side. In early years, to get form we must emphasize content. In the primary grades, formal insistence on correct technique should be at the minimum, while richness and variety of subject matter should be at the maximum.

Nor is this without application to the remaining forms of language expression,—drawing and music. Skill in aesthetic forms can come only from an interest in something to be expressed in these forms.

When we consider that the child, up to the eighth or ninth year of his life, has not a sufficient mastery of a reading vocabulary to enable him to get for himself out of books material for which he has deepest need, and which is his natural and proper nourishment, the imparting to him orally such material assumes an aspect of gravest importance. Shall his early years of school life be barren and empty? Surely the teacher has a duty in this respect beyond giving merely formal

instruction. She should not allow the pressure for immediate technical results to deprive the child of his inheritance in the folklore and the epic treasures of the race.

It has been shown by experiment that, with young children, instruction is taken more readily through the ear than through the eye. Their pre-school education has been acquired largely through auditory impressions and exists in the mind in the form of auditory images. To throw the emphasis at once on visual impression and imagery is too violent a break in their mental habits.

II.

THE SELECTION OF THE SUBJECT-MATTER.

The kind of content proper to early childhood is determined by the nature of the child himself. It is the child that is to be educated. The teacher must take him as he is, with full trust that the strengthening of those powers at present active will result in his highest good. All attempts to improve on nature has been abortive. Every normal child is active in those ways which the race experience has embedded in him. His activities are echoes of those by which the race has been successful. The conception of the child standing over against the real subject matter of education and in direct antagonism

to it, between which and him there is no intrinsic relation and into which he must be introduced by external means, is not in harmony with an optimistic philosophy or with a correct understanding of pedagogical principles.

There must be, in the nature of things, a relation between the activities already functioning in the child and the material the assimilation of which will constitute him not only a thoroughly equipped individual but also a socially efficient factor. It is a mistaken view to suppose that the exercise and the development of the activities dominant in early childhood will lead away from the best interests of the individual or endanger his efficiency as a member of society. It is anomalous to assume that the impulses and interests of childhood must be suppressed or eradicated in order to fit him for participation in social life. These impulses have been implanted in his nature by actual participation in a social life on the part of his ancestry, and they are the possibilities of a worthy social development.

While this is true, while the determining factor in the selection and arrangement of the subject-matter of education is the child himself, yet the undoubted parallelism between his growth and that of the race widens the scope and furnishes the broader basis for such selection and arrangement. It matters little to what extent such a parallelism is accepted. The principle once established makes it a matter of indifference

whether we proceed from the individual or from the broader standpoint of the psychological history of the race. This psychological history is made out by a study of the literature products left behind in the ascent from the lower levels of development to the higher, as represented in modern civilization.

PHASE OF MIND ACTIVITY IN EARLY CIVILIZATION.

A survey of the literary remains of the past gives conclusive proof that the characteristic phase of mind activity in the dawning periods of civilization is the imaginative or mythical. The earliest literary product of every people is the epic, whose chief elements are legends, myths and the heroic, and whose authorship is not individual but of the race itself. Such a product, not the creation of any one mind, but slowly fashioned through the centuries by the poetic genius of the race, however trivial it may seem, has strong claims on our deepest veneration. It should receive most careful study and consideration.

These epic remains come from the innermost life of a people. They are the expression of this life. They are eloquent witnesses of a strong imagination dealing with the mysteries of earth, of sky, and of life itself. They tell of the morning of history, when man was close to nature—a part of nature. The earth, trees, waters, animals—all forms, animate and in-

animate, had voices for him. He communed with them. He treated them as of equal rank with himself.

A THIRD ELEMENT OF THE RACE PRODUCTS.

But, in addition to their imaginative character and their closeness to nature, these race products have still a third element of the utmost value for use as material for primary instruction. While they "enforce no moral" they tell "a story, and the moral in solution with the story." Each tale is a narration without comment. The ethical teaching involved is in the most concrete form. It is not set out and emphasized, but lies wrapped up in the movement of the narrative itself and awaits the exercise of the child's ethical judgment.

Viewed from our ethical standpoint, folklore does not always come up to the highest standard. There are objectionable features in many tales. In this respect they reflect the uncritical and even crude morals of the time. While this is true of some of the tales, in many the ethical teaching is pure, lofty and wholesome, and furnishes an element greatly needed in our primary schools. We have here held up for esteem and veneration these virtues of head and heart and action that lie at the base of a happy, considerate and industrious home life. Baseness, cruelty, ingratitude, and laziness are brought home to the individual in their consequences. The corresponding

virtues are shown in their true relation to happiness and well being. This may not be the highest form of ethical activity, but it is the only kind of ethical teaching on a level with child thought. The morality of the stories is set forth in the concrete as a principle of action found valuable in the race's history.

That such a content is a great *desideratum* for purposes of ethical instruction in our schools all will admit. The condition of religious thought is such as to preclude the use of sacred literature. Perhaps it would not afford so many advantages for purposes of ethical teaching in the first year of school life as literature closer to the childhood of the race in its origin. Some subject-matter that affords opportunity for the exercise of the ethical judgment is an imperative demand for our time. What is there more suitable than this embalmed judgment of the race as to what is valuable in conduct and character? Here are stored up in a form that appeals to the child material for generalizations as to the conditions of well-being and of happiness, as well as of a moral and a useful life. All that the race has thought, felt, and experienced is here at the service of the child. One is almost tempted to use the expression of Hegel and say that, in assimilating the ethical teaching of these racial literatures, the child is being suckled at the breast of the Universal Ethos.

THE LEGENDARY AND THE MYTHOLOGICAL THE CHILD'S NATURAL FOOD.

Even to casual observation there is close correspondence between child nature and the characteristics of the early literature of the race. Children are wholly in the imaginative or mythical level of thought. They are immersed in the sensuous. They refuse to be bound by the hard matter of fact. They will away and claim the world as their own through which to roam on the unfettered wing of fancy. They claim freedom to construct their own world and to people it with creatures of their own fabrication, independent of the shackles of time and space.

The child also feels himself a part of nature, not as something standing over against it. The separation has not yet come. He ascribes an equal and like personality to animate and inanimate objects. He is at home among animals and plants. There is spontaneous interest in all phases of nature, and inborn love for her creatures; and as to the ethical element, the child is not without points of contact for it. He is born with social impulses. He is not only to be a social creature, but is one at all stages of development. He is nothing if not social. The fiction of original, independent individuality which must be thrown off, given up, or eradicated before becoming a social being, is fast giving way to the natural or

organic theories of social origin and growth. The very impulses which are sometimes cited to show the natural depravity of childhood are the vigorous reaching out of his nature toward a participation in the social life.

Thus there can be little doubt as to the fitness of legendary and mythological material for the needs of the child. It is his natural food. It fits in with his forms of thought—is in obvious relation to them. It meets the needs of activities already functioning. It discloses a world in which he can be at home. It falls in with his interpretation of this world, while the simple social life therein depicted appeals to his interest.

HOW ARE WE TO DISCRIMINATE AS TO MATERIAL TO BE SELECTED?

If this position is granted, how then, out of the vast richness of the material, are particular selections to be made? What principles should govern in our choice? As already hinted there are degrees of value, for purposes of instruction, in the immense treasury of folklore, myth and fable. It will be readily conceded that what is known as folklore has qualities rendering it of greatest value, for the first years of school life. It is simple and direct. Its conception of the world is that of pure naturalism. The formal myth and fable belong to later stages of mental development. The fable, too, has the objection of being explicitly didactic in its enforcement of the moral.

NARRATIVES SELECTED AND THE BASIS OF SELECTION.

In the following narratives, for the most part consisting of German *Märchen,* the principles of selection given below have been kept in mind:

1. The story must be simple, direct, and imaginative.

2. It must have strong ethical significance and must avoid cruel situations. Stories dealing with happy home life—emphasizing industry, thrift, and usefulness—are to be given preference.

3. It must offer a content rich in social allusion, in outdoor life, and in references to natural objects, animate and inanimate.

4. It should be of such abiding worth that it will bear repetition and hold interest.

5. It must be dramatic; that is, there should be movement, activity, dialogue, interesting and even humorous incidents, but all subordinate to a central unity. Only such a dramatic unity can work a deep and lasting impression.

These principles of selection are in the main those enunciated by William Rein in his excellent manual, *Das Erste Schuljahr,* a book with which every primary teacher should be familiar. The stories here presented have the sanction of such eminent students of pedagogy as William Rein, Ziller,

Just, and Hiemish—all leaders of educational thought in Germany.

The text of the first fourteen tales has been translated with a few adaptations from the German of Hiemish, as found in his *Das Gesinnungsunterricht.* To these have been added Andersen's *Fir Tree* and Miss Harrison's *Hans and the Four Big Giants.*

The order here given is not essential, but on the whole it will be found a rational one. The succession could be determined by many points of view. The one here chosen is that of relation to home life. The series begins with the simplest home relations of parents and brother and sister. It gradually broadens into the wider circle of companionship, and contact with the world external to the home. It culminates in Miss Harrison's fine story, *Hans and the Four Big Giants,* where the separation from home is complete and the child is brought into contact with the highest industrial and scientific phases of modern civilization. Transition from the more simple situations to the more complex and longer narratives have also been kept in mind.

THE FOUR STORY GROUPS.

Thus the stories fall into four groups. The First Group comprises *The Seven Little Goats, The Star Dollars, Red Riding Hood, Sweet Rice Porridge, Mother Frost,* and *Rose-Red*

and Snow-White. These stories are confined chiefly to the home circle and deal with the relation of parent and child.

The Second Group is *The Cock and the Hen, The Death of the Cock,* and *Birdie and Lena.* These are partly inside and partly outside the family circle. There is contact with persons outside the home.

The Third Group is *The Wolf and the Fox, The Street Musicians, The Straw, The Coal and the Bean, The Wonderful Traveler,* and *Cinderella.* This group extends the relationship further into the external world.

Lastly, in the story of *Hans and the Four Big Giants,* the horizon is widened so as to include the separation from the home and an independent career among strangers. *The Fir Tree* is added for use as a Christmas story for those who desire it. In fact, many of the stories could be taken out of their order and be used as introductions to the study of the seasons. The Cock and the Hen is an autumn story, while several others might be used as dealing with spring time.

III.

THE PROBLEM OF CORRELATION.

The two chief problems of educational practice concern the selection and the arrangement or organization of the edu-

cative material. The problem of the organization of the subject-matter is spoken of as Correlation or Concentration. Any proposal silent on this point would not be adequate to the best school thought or practice of the hour.

The main contention over this question hinges on what subject should be taken as a center around which other lines of instruction should be gathered. Against the proposition to use the historical or culture-historical material as such a center objections can easily be raised. It will be granted that it does not offer an ideal point of departure for all the activities of even the primary school. It will be granted further that such a center is not the true center of the social life. It is liable to over-emphasize the purely intellectual side of instruction at the expense of the volitional phases, and it cannot be a center for the correlation of number.

But mathematics and literature do not correlate. Arithmetic and formal science have arisen in dealing with the practical problems of industrial processes. They are forms which industrial processes have taken on. There are some reasonable objections to the correlation of what is called "Construction Work" with this literature material.

But, on the whole, the narrative, or story, offers, under present conditions, the only practicable center for correlation in the first school year. Especially since, at this period, formal

number work and science proper are at their minimum. For the language arts,—reading, writing, spelling, exercises in oral speech,—it is the natural medium. The aesthetic arts,—drawing and music—and even construction work, can be correlated here without undue violence to instruction as an organic unity. This material, too, furnishes at least a point of departure for what is known as nature study. It will find abundant inspiration in the animals, plants, and natural objects alluded to.

From what has been said, it will be seen that the stories are to be used as a medium of instruction, not just told and enjoyed. They are to be regarded as subject-matter to be assimilated and expressed. They provide a content by means of which the various school arts may reverse their usual direction and become, so to speak, centrifugal—the spontaneous outflowing of the self.

Merely telling the story does not exhaust its possibilities. It should be made a means for the exercise of the entire round of childish activities. Unless the understanding is enlarged, the sympathies widened, the ethical sense deepened, and steady advance made in all lines of technique, the teacher will miss the true aim.

IV.

SUGGESTIONS.

The manner or method of presenting and using the material is based largely on Herbart's "Formal Steps." Though an effort has been made to get away from their rigidity, no teacher can afford to become hampered by the requirements of a too rigid system or a too formal method of instruction. Yet there must always be a consciousness of what meets the demands of educative instruction. Apperception, or learning, takes place under certain conditions only. These conditions must be met.

THE TREATMENT.

It is not the intention to give a list of set questions whose form and order are to be rigidly followed. It is difficult to fix upon the precise point where such questions cease to be helpful and suggestive and begin to trench on the legitimate province of the teacher. In order to avoid this unpardonable sin, the treatment of some of the stories has been elaborated quite fully, to show the work entire as it has been given to children; while that of others has been outlined, noting only the main points to be brought out and leaving the form of presentation largely to the teacher's individuality.

Nothing can take the place of originality and spontaneity. If a fixed program is followed, the main purpose of the work will be missed and the interest for both teacher and children will evaporate. In the treatment of the two elements, the ethical and the nature material have been separated from each other and from the other parts. This is for the purpose of emphasizing them in the teacher's mind. The plan need not be followed in the actual work. Questions and explanations may be introduced into the narration if care be taken that the interruption does not break the thread of the story.

There has been no attempt to divide the subject into lessons. However, the preparation, the narration, and the deepening should, in most cases, be all that is undertaken in one period of fifteen minutes. This is as long as young children should be kept to one exercise. If this is done in the morning session, the reproduction and the other exercises could come in the afternoon session.

REPRODUCTION.

A child learns to talk fluently and with correctness by talking. Oral speech should come before written speech. If the pupil can talk in good English with ease there will not be much trouble with written expression. To this end there should be much time given to oral reproduction by the chil-

dren. Even the most backward child should be encouraged to attempt it. There will be a strong temptation to allow the brilliant story tellers to do most of the reproducing. Each child should be thrown wholly on his own responsibility. Let him tell what he can in his own way and reserve corrections until he is done. The story itself should be kept fluid. It should not be allowed to crystallize into set phrases on the part of either teacher or children. Great liberty should be allowed in reproduction, so that freshness and spontaneity may never be lacking. The reproduction may immediately follow the deepening process or be reserved for a separate period. It should be given from the beginning frequently.

THE PREPARATION.

It is well to give the aim or purpose of the story first. This may be in the form of a brief outline giving the general direction which the story is to take. Some such hint seems a pedagogical necessity. Nothing is so tiresome to an adult, even, as to listen to a discourse whose aim and purpose are not apparent. And then the movement as a whole should be in the mind of the children from the first.

It is in accordance with sound pedagogy to bring to the foreground of consciousness the ideas already possessed by the children, and known to be related to what is to be pre-

sented. The new is learned or understood (apperceived) by the old. That which has been once assimilated enters into and modifies old concepts; these in turn classify the new material and reduce it to order and unity. It is therefore important that, before a story is told, the related ideas be brought forward ready for use by means of a few well directed questions. In many cases the proper result may be attained by suggesting a difficulty or problem for the children to solve.

THE NARRATION.

After the preparation follows the story. It should be given in short divisions. Each such division should be as far as possible a dramatic unity, subordinate of course to the main one.

The story should be told, not read. Every primary teacher should be a story teller. Anyone that has felt the deep, enthusiastic response of children to a story well told will feel amply repaid for any effort to cultivate the art of story telling. On this point few suggestions can be given. The main elements of good story telling are intrinsically connected with the emotional and spiritual endowments. A genuine appreciation of child-nature must be combined with a lively and emotional manner of expression.

THE DEEPENING.

It is wise in most cases to question on the main points of the narration. This fixes them in the children's minds so that reproduction of the story will more readily follow. The amount of such questioning must be determined by the needs of the class. Only the main points should be dwelt upon. With young children details should be avoided.

THE NATURE-MATERIAL.

The best way to widen the experience of children is to bring them into actual contact with things. But, as organized and carried on at present, the school can do very little of this first-hand teaching. However, at school age, such is the activity of childhood, most children have a considerable body of nature experience which can be used as interpretative concepts for new and similar material. Careful teaching will always aim to discover what experience the individual members of a class have had in order that inadequate ideas may be strengthened and given greater detail. This may be done by some child's telling his experience, by the teacher giving the information—using descriptions, pictures or drawings,—or finally by proper questioning.

Starting from what is already known, a skillful teacher can build up an idea, though of course more or less indefinite, of

the object or process that is comparatively unknown. Questioning can never do more than bring into explicitness what is really in the mind in a vague way. Yet, when we consider that the possibilities of all science and, in fact, of all knowledge, are implicit in the experiences of the normal child of school age, it is seen that the use of questions as an educative means is practically unlimited and that it should not be neglected even in the primary grades.

There is in the stories an abundance of nature-material and of material bearing on industrial occupations and processes that may serve, when properly used, as an excellent basis for mental growth in these directions. In making sure that ideas along these lines are clear, a foundation is being laid for a more vital grasping of geographical instruction later on.

The old object-lesson was an effort in this direction, but its formality and isolation killed it. It is not the purpose to recommend formal object lessons. The main purpose should be to see that the allusions to natural objects and to industrial occupations and processes are understood. And if they are not, to bring them into adequate clearness by proper instruction.

THE ETHICAL MATERIAL.

There is a wide difference, so far as method is concerned, between setting forth the moral to a tale in an explicit way

and allowing children to express their judgments upon concrete facts of conduct. The latter is all that should be attempted. In the reaction from formal moral instruction there is danger of going to the other extreme and neglecting it entirely.

The vital element in literature—its ultimate *raison d'etre*—is its ethical import. It constitutes the ethical medium. It gives each child the benefit of the experience of the race. The duty of the school to give occasion for the exercise of ethical judgments is greater than its duty to train the merely intellectual judgment. For the one determines what is good or bad, the other what is real or unreal. Right conduct is of more importance than mere knowing.

READING.

The teaching of the mechanics of reading concerns itself with affixing visual images of words to the auditory vocabulary already possessed by the child. As this is a purely formal process, having little educative value in itself, the judicious teacher will welcome any suggestion toward minimizing routine drill. Instead of attempting to fix the visual form of each word, she will limit the formal instruction to giving the child a capability of deciphering new words for himself, that is, of translating them into motor images of articulation. Instruc-

tion that does not give to the child this capability is wasting time and misdirecting energy.

In order to have facility in the mastering of new words, it is necessary that there be a knowledge of the vocal value of the letters and an acquaintance with the groups into which words may be separated according to similarity of sound. Thus daily short drills upon the purely formal side seems a necessity. This should be done in a separate exercise, however.

At the same time this formal process should not be wholly divorced from the thought side. The learner should be able to grasp quickly the meaning the sentence conveys as a whole, and to give it natural expression. To make this connection between the two elements as close as possible, the sentences to be given visual form should be taken from the children themselves. These can be written on the board, or printed in large type on Manila sheets (forming a chart),* or in ordinary type on slips to be given to the children.

The possession by the class of the common subject-matter which the stories supply, renders this plan feasible and always full of interest. Knowledge of the content will reinforce the recognition of words and sentences and thus make progress in acquiring a visual vocabulary rapid and, in part, unconscious. Moreover, the anticipation of the meaning of what is about

* The Flanagan Chart Outfit is valuable for this purpose.

to be read will result in a natural expression of it. If the child has even a provisional grasp of the meaning of the whole sentence before attempting to read it, the expression will largely take care of itself. Until the comprehension of the meaning is instantaneous, there should always be a preliminary study of the sentence to be read, so that the thought as a whole may at least be foreshadowed in the mind of the child.

In this way there is a vital relation between reading as a formal process and that which is read. This obviates the necessity of using isolated and unfamiliar topics as well as those having no value in themselves. From the first the reading matter should have value for the child—be related to his stage of thought and to his dominant interests.

DRAWING, ETC.

The stories are an excellent source from which to draw material for expression in the various aesthetic exercises—drawing, paper cutting, modeling clay, or dramatization. Whatever the form, it should be the spontaneous portrayal of the child's own imagery. However crude the product may be, if it is a genuine attempt at such expression, it has the essential element of an aesthetic creation and should have our respect as such. With a very little instruction in putting

on sky and ground, in representing distance, progress will be rapid.

Drawing should be in a color medium, and be a daily exercise. Paper-cutting is of absorbing interest to children and is a form of school art that rapidly gives definiteness to the images of natural objects. It brings out a high degree of manual dexterity and offers almost as wide a scope for individual composition as drawing.

These exercises, not needing the teacher's immediate direction, can take the place of the many forms of meaningless "busy work" that a misdirected ingenuity has devised for the purpose of keeping children "still."

DRAMATIZATION.

Another form to which the stories lend themselves readily is dramatization. Children take intense delight in throwing striking situations into dramatic form. This exercise also should be undirected. If the story has not become crystallized into set phrases, this form of reproduction becomes a genuine language exercise.

CONSTRUCTION.

In the foregoing we have examples of artistic creation. There is a spontaneous impulse toward embodying in a suit-

able form the child's own imagery. This activity goes on for its own sake; it gives pleasure.

In construction proper, where direction is given and objects are made from dictation to serve a useful purpose, we have activity passing over into what is called work. This side should not be neglected. Children are to live in a real world, where the purpose of activity is not always in the activity itself but may lie in something external to it. Things have to be made for certain definite purposes and because of certain needs. These control the activity.

While it may be admitted that the stories do not form the ideal connection for uniting such activity with the whole, yet, under present conditions, they offer the only means practicable. Children will take a deeper interest in making Red Riding Hood's basket than in making one that has not this ideal environment.

Attention is called to that excellent little manual, "Construction Work," by Worst, where measurements and directions can be found for the construction of most of the familiar articles of the household.

SIXTEEN STORIES

AND

HOW TO USE THEM.

THE SEVEN LITTLE GOATS.

I.

Preparation.

We are going to hear a story of a mother goat who left her seven little ones at home while she went into the forest to get food for them.

Who has not seen a goat? What do we call a young goat? What kind of food will the mother goat get?

Have you ever been left alone? Were you not told how to behave? What do you suppose the mother goat told her little ones as she went away? Let us hear.

Narration.

THE MOTHER GOAT.

Once there lived an old goat who had seven young ones. She loved them as every mother loves her children. One day she wished to go into the forest to get food for her children. So, calling them to her, she said:

"Dear children, I am going into the forest to get you something to eat. Now be on your guard against the wolf; for, if he comes here, he will eat you up. But you will know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

The little goats replied: "Dear mother, we will be very careful and pay close attention to what you say. You need not be at all anxious about us." So the mother bleated a good-bye and ran off quite contented.

Model Treatment.

1 Why was the mother goat going to the forest?

About what animal did she tell them?

How were they to know him? Tell what the little goats said in reply.

Reproduction by the children.

2. Where have you seen a goat? What animal does the goat look like? What does he eat? Where does he live? What kind of a voice has the goat? What kind of feet has he?

Tell what you know about a forest? What is found in a forest?

3. Tell what the goat did that shows she was a kind and careful mother? Who cares for you and gives you food and clothing and sends you to school? What does your father do to help care for you? Your mother?

Tell the promise the little goats made.

Tell how you think they acted.

II.

Preparation.

The story will now tell us how the wolf came and tried to get into the house. How do you think he tried to get in?

Tell how he might get in.

Narration.

THE WOLF.

Not long after the mother had gone the little goats heard a knock at the door, and pretty soon a deep, rough voice said: "Open the door, my dear children; it is your mother. She has brought each of you something to eat." But the little goats cried out: "You are not our mother. You have a great, rough voice. You are the wolf."

So the wolf went to a shop near by where he bought some chalk. He ate this and it made his voice soft and fine. Then he came back and knocked again, and called out as softly as he could, "Open the door, dear children; your mother has come from the forest and wants to get in."

But the little goats were still afraid and said, "Put your feet on the window-sill so that we can see them." The wolf did so and they at once cried out, "Oh! you are not our

mother. You have black feet. You are the wicked wolf." So the wolf turned and went away.

Model Treatment.

1. What did the wolf say when he came the first time? How did the goats know him? What did he do? How did the goats know him the second time he came?

Reproduction of the story from the beginning.

2. Where does the wolf live? What kind of home has he? Is he a tame animal? What kind of food does he eat? What animal does he look like? Is his voice like the goat's? Are their feet alike?

3. Have the little goats kept their promise to their mother? Do you like the way they have acted? Do you like the way the wolf acted?

III.

Preparation.

The story now tells us how the wolf finally got into the house and what he did there.

How do you think the wolf succeeded in deceiving the goats? How did he change his voice? Do you wish to hear what the wolf next did?

What do you think he did? He made his voice soft and loving like that of the mother goat. Do you think he could make his feet like hers? How could he?

Let us hear what he did with his feet.

Narration.

THE WOLF IN THE HOUSE.

The wolf did not know now what to do. Presently he thought, "I will go to the baker." So to the baker he went and said, "I have hurt my feet; put some dough on them." The baker felt sorry for the wolf and put some dough on his feet.

Then the wolf ran to the miller and in a rough voice said, "Strew some white flour on my feet." The miller, thinking the naughty wolf was going to deceive some one, did not want to do it. But the wolf said, "If you do not do so at once, I will eat you." This made the miller afraid. So he powdered the wolf's feet with flour.

This done, the wolf went a third time to the door of the house and said softly, "Open the door for me, dear children. It is your mother. I have come back and brought each one of you something nice to eat."

But the little goats still remembered what their mother had said and called out, "Show us your feet and we shall know whether you are our mother or not." The wolf put his feet in the window as before. Now, when the little goats saw that the feet were white, they thought that it was really their dear mother and opened the door.

But who should walk in but the wicked wolf! The little goats were terribly frightened and each one ran to hide himself as best he could. One ran under the table, the second hid in the bed, a third jumped into the oven, a fourth slipped into the cupboard, a fifth hid in the back kitchen among the pots and pans, a sixth hid under the wash-tub, and the seventh hid in the clock case. But the wolf found them all and ate them one after the other,— all but the youngest that hid in the clock case. He did not find him.

Then he said to himself, "Well, well! I am tired. I must have a nap." And he went out into the green meadow and lay down to sleep under a tree by a little brook.

Model Treatment.

1. What did the wolf say to the baker? What to the miller? How were the goats deceived? Where did each one hide? Which one was saved?

Reproduction from beginning.

2. Tell what the baker does? The miller? Have you seen a mill where flour is made?

How is flour made? What grains are used to make flour? What grains have you seen growing? What name do we give to the persons that raise grain for us?

3. Tell why the baker put dough on the wolf's feet? Why did the miller put flour on? Had the wolf really hurt his feet? Describe the wolf's conduct. What do you think of him?

IV.

Preparation.

We shall next hear about the mother goat's return and about how she felt and what she did.

Tell what you think she did.

Can you think of any way she could get her dear children again?

Where did the wolf go? What did he do?

Narration.

THE MOTHER GOAT'S RETURN.

Well, it was not long before the mother goat came back from the forest with the food for her children. When she came near the house, what a sight met her eyes! The door stood wide open. The table, the chairs and the benches were overturned. The dishes were broken. The quilts and pillows were on the floor. She was amazed. She looked around, but not one little goat could she see. She sought for them, but not one could she find. She called each by his name, but no one answered.

Finally she heard a frightened little voice call out, "Dear mother, here I am, hid in the clock case." The mother goat

opened the clock. There, sure enough, was the youngest little goat. As soon as he could speak, he told his mother what had happened and how the wicked wolf had swallowed the other little goats.

The mother goat was so grieved at first that she could not think what to do. But presently she ran out, followed by her youngest child. As they came to the meadow they saw the wolf lying under the tree fast asleep. Then the mother thought, "Perhaps my children are still alive."

She sent the little goat to the house to fetch a pair of shears, a needle, and some thread. She cut the wolf's body open and one of the little goats peeped out. As she cut farther, one after another the six little goats jumped out. What joy there was! "Now, children," said the mother, "go fetch some stones." With these she filled up the wolf's stomach. She then sewed up his body.

By and by the wolf got upon his feet. He was thirsty and went down to the brook to get a drink. As he put his head down to drink the heavy stones in his stomach made him fall into the water and he was drowned. When the little goats saw this they cried, "The wolf is dead! The wolf is dead!" and danced for joy.

Model Treatment.

1. Tell what the mother goat saw on her return. Tell about her grief. What did she do? Who finally replied? How were the little goats saved? What became of the wolf?

Reproduce from the beginning.

2. Tell what you know about a meadow. What grows there? What is the difference between a forest and a meadow?

Detail of Form Work.

PART.	MAKING.	DRAWING.	CUTTING.	DRAMATIZATION.
I.	House of paper. Goat modeled in clay.	The Mother Goat and her seven little ones.	The Goat in the forest.	The Goat and her little ones.
II.	Table (see Worst, Ex III). Wolf modeled in clay.	The Wolf knocking at the door.	The Wolf at the door.	The Wolf knocks at the door; the little goats detect him.
III.	Bed (see Worst, Ex. V).	The Wolf and the Miller.	The Wolf and the Baker.	The Wolf interviews the Miller and the Baker.
IV.	Clock Face (see Worst, Ex. 63).	The Wolf in the meadow under the tree.	The Kids dancing for joy.	The Mother Goat's return.

THE STARDOLLARS.

I.

Preparation.

The story of a little girl who had neither father nor mother, nor any one to care for her.

A talk about the helplessness of a child in that condition.

Narration.

AT HOME.

There was once a very little girl who lived with her parents in a pretty little cottage near a great forest. I do not know what her name was. Her parents were kind and good and loved her dearly, for she was a very sweet and loving child.

They lived together happily in their cheerful little home. Her parents gave her food and clothing and at night she slept in a warm, snug little bed very near them. These were happy times, indeed!

But all at once her dear father and mother took sick and died, and she was left all alone with no one to care for her or give her food. For a time she lived in the cottage; but at last there was nothing left for her to eat but half a loaf of bread.

She was forsaken by all and wandered alone out into the

fields where the corn, the flowers and the potatoes grew. But she did not cry nor get discouraged, for she thought that her Heavenly Father would care for her,

Suggestions.

Dependent on parents for food, clothing and shelter. Work of father. Of mother. Mission of mother goat recalled.

II.

Preparation.

The children tell what the little girl might see and what might happen to her.

Narration.

IN THE FIELDS.

As she wandered there alone in the fields, she saw the stalks of corn waving their tasseled heads. She thought they were nodding a good morning to her. The flowers, too, seemed friendly.

As she went along she met an old man. His back was bowed with age and his hair was white as snow. His clothes were torn and thin. In a feeble voice he asked her to give him something to eat, as he was very hungry.

The little girl was so sorry for him that she gave him the

half loaf of bread which she carried in her pocket. "God bless you, my child," he said.

She next met a little girl who was still poorer than she was, for she had nothing on her head. Our little girl at once took off her own hood and gave it to the poorer child.

To another child she gave her cloak. At last she met still another child who was crying, and almost naked. To her she gave her dress. As night was coming on she entered a great forest, where there were many wild berries. She heard the birds singing and saw many friendly animals, and here she passed the night.

Suggestions.

Talk about what was seen in the field. Also about the corn, the flowers, the berries, the birds, and the animals.

Bring out the child's sympathy and unselfishness.

III.

Preparation.

What might happen to the child in the forest.

Narration.

IN THE FOREST.

The little girl felt that the great trees were her friends. When it grew quite dark she lay down beneath the broad-spreading branches of a tree and tried to sleep.

She could see through the leaves far into the deep blue sky. The stars shone brightly and the great, round moon looked down at her. When the stars twinkled, she thought they were casting bright glances at her. And, as she watched them, all at once they left their places and fell out of the sky right down to the earth.

She watched where they fell and, by the bright light of the moon, she saw that they had become bright, hard, silver dollars. When she gathered them up there were so many that, ever afterward, there was enough to buy everything she needed to eat and to wear.

Suggestions.

A talk about moon, stars, and sky.

Tell something that shows the little girl was brave; that she was generous. Who befriended her?

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

I.

Preparation.

A story of a little girl who was sent to see her sick grandmother.

She met a wolf and talked with him.

She was in great danger, but was saved.

Talk of family relations.

Narration.

AT HOME.

Once upon a time there was a dear little girl who lived with her father and mother in a little house near the woods. This child had a grandmother who lived by herself in a little house on the other side of the woods. The grandmother loved the little granddaughter dearly and was very kind to her.

One time she made the child a little cloak with a red hood. The little girl looked very pretty in her cloak and hood; and when she skipped along the street the neighbors would say, "Here comes our little Red Riding Hood."

One day Little Red Riding Hood's mother called to her, "Come, my child, put on your cloak and hood. I want you

to go to see how dear grandmother is to-day. This is her birthday, and you may take her a little present. See, in this basket I have put a loaf of bread, a pat of fresh butter, and a bottle of wine.

And now, little daughter, listen to me. Do not leave the path. If you meet any one, say 'Good morning' politely, but do not stop to talk."

The little one said, "Yes, mother, I will mind all you say." She then took the basket, kissed her mother, and skipped along the way to grandmother's house.

II.

Preparation.

Recall *wolf*. Talk about *woods*. Explain *path*.

Narration.

IN THE WOODS.

As Red Riding Hood went along the path in the woods she met a big gray wolf. He was a hungry wolf, and when he saw this rosy-cheeked little girl he wanted to eat her. But he was afraid because there were woodcutters at work near by.

He came close to Red Riding Hood and spoke to her. "Good morning, little girl," he said, "where are you going?"

"Good morning, sir," said Red Riding Hood; "I am going to see my dear grandmother, who is sick."

"What have you in the basket?" asked the wolf. "Oh, I have a little present for my grandmother," said Red Riding Hood. "I am taking her a loaf of bread, a pat of butter, and a bottle of wine. This is my dear grandmother's birthday."

"Why don't you pick a bunch of these lovely flowers for your grandmother?" said the wolf. "Oh, I mustn't leave the path," answered Red Riding Hood; "my mother said so." "She never meant that," said the wolf. "She would be pleased to have you take some of these beautiful flowers to your poor sick grandmother. Where does your grandmother live?"

"Grandmother lives in the little house at the end of this path," said Red Riding Hood. "There are three tall trees behind the house and nut bushes growing near."

"Well, good-bye, little girl," said the wolf; "be sure you pick a large bunch of flowers for your grandmother." And off he strolled along the path towards the grandmother's house.

When he got there he knocked at the door. The dear old grandmother was lying down on the bed. She called out, "Who is there?" "It is I, Red Riding Hood," answered the wolf; "I have brought you a birthday present."

"Pull the string and the latch will fly up," said the grandmother. The wolf pulled the string that hung on the out-

side of the door. Sure enough, the latch flew up and the door swung open.

Oh, how astonished the poor old grandmother was when the door opened and in walked this big, hungry-looking wolf instead of her dear little Red Riding Hood!

The wolf gave her no time to cry out. He sprang upon the bed and swallowed the poor frightened grandmother before she had time to say a word.

Then he dressed himself in her night-gown and cap and got into bed.

Suggestions.

Question to connect and deepen the story.

Have interesting talks about trees, animals, flowers, sights and sounds of the woods.

Work of the woodcutters.

Recall conduct of the wolf in "The Wolf and The Seven Little Goats." Deceit. Disobedience.

III.

Preparation.

Recall preceding part of story. Talk of the danger awaiting Red Riding Hood.

Narration.

AT GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE.

By and by little Red Riding Hood came to her grandmother's house carrying her basket and the flowers she had gathered. She knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked a voice. "It is little Red Riding Hood, grandmother," answered the child. "Pull the string and the latch will fly up," said the voice. Red Riding Hood pulled the string. Up flew the latch, the door opened, and she went in.

"I wish you a happy birthday, grandmother," she said. "See, I have brought you a little present and some pretty flowers." "Put them away," said the voice from the bed, "and come here; for I wish to talk to you." Red Riding Hood went over to the bed to talk to her grandmother.

Of course it was not her dear grandmother, but the wolf. But she did not know that.

Red Riding Hood sat down on the bed. The room was so dark that she could not see very well. But she wondered at the strange looking face that looked at her from her grandmother's nightcap.

"O grandmother," she said, "what big ears you have." "The better to hear you, my child." "O grandmother, what great eyes you have." "The better to see you, my child." "O grandmother, what a big nose you have." "The better to smell you, my child." "O grandmother, what long teeth you have." "The better to eat you, my child," cried the wolf; and he sprang up and was just about to swallow poor little Red Riding Hood when the door burst open and in came the woodcutters, who soon killed the wolf.

Red Riding Hood told her mother all that had happened.

"I was a naughty girl, dear mother," she said, "to listen to the wolf instead of obeying you; but I will never, never do so again."

Suggestions.

Obedience and disobedience. Recall conduct of the little goats in the story of "The Wolf and The Seven Little Goats."

Consequence of disobedience as shown in the story of Red Riding Hood; as found in the children's own experience.

THE SWEET RICE PORRIDGE.

I.

Preparation.

A story of a little girl and her mother who had nothing to eat. Talk of possible reasons for the child and mother's having nothing to eat.

Narration.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER MOTHER.

There was once a little girl who was very, very poor. When noon came there was little dinner on the table for her, and at night the poor child went hungry to bed.

In the morning, when she awoke, she was still hungry. She went to the pantry, but there was nothing to eat in it. She went to the kitchen and found nothing there but empty pots and pans.

Then the little girl went to her mother. "O mother," she said, "I am so hungry." But the poor mother was sick in bed and could not get anything for herself or for her child.

When the mother was well she worked hard. She picked up wood in the forest. She washed clothes and scrubbed floors. With the money she earned she bought food for her little daughter and herself. But now the mother was sick. She lay in bed all day, and both she and her daughter were hungry.

Now, do you think the little girl fretted and cried? No, she did not, because she knew that if she cried her sick mother would feel so sorry and sad that she would be worse. This little girl was patient and kind. She found at last one little piece of bread. She took it to her mother and said, "Here, dear mother, is a piece of bread for you. Eat it; it may make you stronger."

Suggestions.

Recall "The Stardollars" story. Bring out this child's patience and unselfishness.

II.

Preparation.

An old woman gave the child something of great use. What could it be?

Narration.

THE WONDERFUL POT.

The little girl thought, "Is there not something I can do to help my sick mother?" She did not sit down with her hands in her lap and wait for something to eat to come to her. She said to herself, "I must work. What can I do? I am too small to wash clothes. I am too small to scrub floors. But I can go out into the woods. I will find herbs there and berries. I can gather them and sell them. Then I will buy bread, and we need not be hungry any more."

So the little girl went out into the woods. There she found ripe berries. She began to pick them and put them into her little basket. An old, old woman saw her. She stood and watched the child. She saw her poor, thin little face, and that the child did not jump about and laugh and sing as other children did when they came to the woods. She saw, too, that this child did not eat even the smallest berry. As fast as she picked them she dropped them into her small basket.

The old woman's heart was full of pity for the poor little child. She said, "My child, I will help you." Then she gave her a little earthen pot. It seemed a queer thing to give to this child who had so many empty pots at home. But this was a wonderful pot. The old woman told the child all about it. She said, "My child, this little pot will cook very sweet and

good rice porridge for you, and you need not put anything into it at all. Just say, "Little Pot, Cook!" and it will begin to cook the sweet rice porridge. When you have enough say, "Little Pot, Stop!" and it will stop. The little girl thanked the kind old woman and ran home with the wonderful pot.

Suggestions.

Rice, its uses, preparation for food. Where obtained. Explain *earthen pot*. *Pottery*.

Helping one's self. Children tell of ways in which they can help themselves.

III.

Preparation.

The child carries the pot home. Recall the old woman's directions.

Narration.

THE MOTHER WELL AGAIN.

The little girl ran home as fast as she could run. "O dear mother," she said, "see what a good old woman gave me. It is such a wonderful pot. All we need do is to say, 'Little Pot, Cook!' and it will cook rice porridge for us. When we have enough, we must say, 'Little Pot, Stop!' and it will stop cooking."

Then the little girl set the pot on the hearthstone. The mother called out, "Little Pot, Cook!" Her voice was weak,

but the little pot heard and began to cook. Soon it was full up to the very top with rice porridge. Then the mother called out, "Little Pot, Stop!" and the wonderful little pot stopped.

Oh, how quickly the little girl ran to the cupboard! She brought out plates and spoons, and soon she and the poor sick mother were eating sweet rice.

Suggestions.

Different kinds of berries. Where they grow.
Explain *self-help*.

IV.

Preparation.

One day the wonderful pot did not stop. The children imagine a cause.

Narration.

THE FLOOD OF RICE.

The mother was soon so well and strong that she could go to her work again. Every day she and her daughter had rice porridge for breakfast. When they had eaten their breakfast the mother always put the pot away on a shelf and said, "Now, little daughter, be a good girl. Take care of the house and do not touch the little pot while I am gone. When I come home we shall have some more of the porridge you like so much."

And the little girl kissed her mother and promised to obey her. This happened for many days. But one day the little girl said to herself, "Dear me, I am very hungry. How good some of that rice porridge would taste. I am sure I wouldn't break the little pot. I would be so very careful."

She said this many times to herself. At last she stood upon a chair and reached up to the high shelf where her mother had put the little pot. She took it down and set it on the hearthstone. Then she said, "Little Pot, Cook!" The little pot heard and began to cook. The little girl got a plate and spoon and taking some rice sat down to eat.

But she forgot all about speaking to the little pot and it went on cooking. The child was so busy eating that she never noticed what was happening. The wonderful pot was still cooking and the rice porridge began running over. When the little girl saw it, she called out, "Here, that is enough!" But the little pot did not stop and the rice porridge poured out over the floor.

The little girl was frightened. She called out very loud, "That is enough! Cook no more! Halt! Halt!" It was all of no use. She had forgotten the right words to say and the little pot kept on cooking. The rice porridge was still pouring out into the room. Soon the chairs and the table were standing in it. The little girl was more frightened than ever.

She opened the door and ran out into the yard and rice porridge came streaming out after her.

How the other children of the neighborhood laughed and shouted when they saw the stream of rice porridge! They came running with spoons in their hands and began to eat it. All the older people laughed and wondered, too.

But soon the people became anxious. They said, "This rice porridge will get into our houses and we shall all be drowned in it." So the people and their children ran into their houses and shut all the doors and windows to keep out the rice porridge. The streets were full of it. It rose up higher and higher. It covered up the windows so that their houses were as dark as night.

Suggestions.

Who else was disobedient in the stories we have had? What trouble did they have?

V.

Preparation.

The valley in which this child lived filled up.

Narration.

THE VALLEY FILLED UP.

The little girl's home was down in a valley. High up on the mountain there stood a beautiful house. Rich persons

lived there, and the little girl's mother often went to work for them. This very day, when the little girl had been so disobedient, her mother was working in the house away up on the mountain.

When the little girl saw the rice porridge streaming out into the streets and filling up the valley, she ran up the mountain's side as fast as she could to tell her mother all that had happened. As soon as she saw her mother, she called out, "O mother, I took down the little pot and told it to cook. When I wanted it to stop I forgot what to say. It won't stop cooking, and the whole valley is full of rice porridge."

The mother called out softly "Little Pot, Stop!" and the little pot heard her and stopped. But still the whole valley was full of rice porridge. It covered the houses. It was up even to the church steeple.

When the milkmen came in the morning they saw it. They called out, "What is this?" The people shouted back, "It is rice porridge. If you want to come to us, you must dig your way through." And it was so. Whoever wanted to go into that valley had to dig his way through the sweet rice porridge that filled it.

For many days the people were busy eating rice porridge. As for the little girl who had caused all this trouble, she felt very sorry and ashamed, and I am sure was never disobedient again.

Suggestions.

Recall mention of mountains in other stories. Talk about mountains and valleys. Illustrate by pictures or, if possible, by moulding in clay or sand.

Emphasize the thought of obedience. Compare with previous stories.

MOTHER FROST.

I.

Preparation.

A story of a mother and her two daughters. One was beautiful and lazy, the other ugly and industrious. The mother loved the beautiful one and allowed her to be idle, but she made the industrious one do all the spinning and household work.

Talk of the different kinds of household work. Explain *spindle, spinning,* and *a well.*

Narration.

THE LOST SPINDLE.

There was once a widow who had two daughters. One was beautiful and lazy, the other ugly and industrious. The mother, however, for some reason showed more love for the beautiful one than she did for the ugly one, who did all the work about the house.

Because her mother did not love her, she lived in the kitchen and was very sad. The poor maid had to go out every day and sit by the great road that ran near the house and

spin. Near the road was a deep well. She liked best to sit near this because so many travelers stopped there to draw the cool water from the deep well.

She spun so much yarn that her fingers became worn and thin, and bled a great deal. One day it happened that her spindle slipped from her fingers and fell into the well.

She was very much frightened and ran home, crying, to her mother, and told her that she had lost her spindle in the well. The mother scolded her and was so angry that at last she said, "Since you have been so careless as to lose your spindle in the well, you must get it out again as best you can."

Suggestions.

Materials used to make yarn. Wool, cotton, etc. Sources.

Different ways of spinning. Twisting by the hands. Spinning wheel. Uses of yarn. Knitting and weaving. Source of drinking water. Different ways of getting it from a well—buckets, windlass, pump, etc.

Idleness. Industry. Tell who the idle and who the industrious ones are in preceding stories.

II.

Preparation.

Talk about the ways the maid might attempt to regain her spindle. Recall *meadow*.

Narration.

THE MAID IN THE WELL.

The maid went back to the road. She did not know how to get the spindle out of the well. So she jumped down into the water to get it. For a while she did not know anything, but presently she found herself in a beautiful meadow where the sun was shining and many thousands of flowers blooming all around her.

She got up and walked along till she came to a bake oven. The oven was full of bread which cried out, "Draw me out or I shall burn. I have baked long enough." So she went up and took the bread shovel that stood by the oven and drew out one loaf after another.

Then she walked on farther and came to an apple tree. The tree cried out, "Shake me! Shake me! My apples are all ripe." So she shook the tree till the apples fell down like rain. When there were no more left on the tree she gathered them into a heap and went on.

At last she came to a cottage out of which an old woman was peeping. The old woman had such large teeth that the maid was frightened and started to run away. But the old woman called her back, saying, "Why are you afraid, my child? Stay with me. If you will put things in order in my house, all will go well with you. Only you must be careful and shake

my bed well and make the feathers fly. Then it will snow on the earth. I am old Mother Frost."

As the old woman spoke kindly, the timid maid stayed and worked for her. Everything was pleasant. Old Mother Frost was very kind and the industrious maid was contented. She shook the bed well every day and made the feathers fly downward as flakes of snow. She was very happy. She had enough to eat and kind words from Mother Frost.

Suggestions.

Talk about apple-trees and orchards. The baking of bread. Connect with snow. Jack Frost. Use of snow, etc.

III.

Preparation.

Develop out of the children's experiences the longing for home—homesickness.

Narration.

THE RETURN HOME.

The maiden stayed with Mother Frost a long time. But after a while she became very sad. She did not know what the matter was. At last she found that she was homesick; and, although she now fared a thousand times better than when at home, she longed to go back.

So she said to Mother Frost, "I wish to go home to my mother and sister." Mother Frost replied, "It pleases me

that you wish to go home; and since you have served me so faithfully, I will myself take you home." She thereupon took her by the hand and led her to a great door. It flew open at their coming, and, as the maid stood in the doorway, a shower of gold fell upon her. The gold remained sticking in her hair, on her dress, and even in her shoes. "All this gold is for you because you have been so faithful and industrious. Here is your spindle also," were the parting words of Mother Frost.

When she stepped out the door closed behind her, and the maid found herself near her mother's house. As she came into the yard the cock which was perched upon the hen-house cried out, "Cock—a—doodle—do! Our golden maid comes home again."

Her mother and sister were surprised to see her, and because she had so much gold they welcomed her very heartily.

Suggestions.

Talk about source and uses of gold, its qualities, etc.
What children can do in the home, at school.

IV.

Preparation.

The idle maid now tries to get gold. She throws her spindle into the well and jumps in after it. Children tell what

they think she will do at the oven, at the apple- tree, at Mother Frost's. Will she get gold? Explain *pitch*.

Narration.

THE IDLE MAID.

The good sister told all that had happened while she was away, and when her mother heard how she came by all her gold she said to the lazy sister, "You must try your luck, also." So the mother had her go and spin by the well. But the lazy girl soon became tired of spinning and threw the spindle into the well. Then she jumped in after it.

Like her sister, she came to the beautiful meadow and traveled the same path. When she came to the bake oven, the bread called, "Draw me out! Draw me out!" But the lazy maid said, "I have no wish to make myself dirty with you!"

Soon she came to the apple tree. The tree cried out, "Shake me! shake me! My apples are ripe." But the maid said, "I will not shake you. Your apples might fall on my head." She was not afraid of old Mother Frost, for she had heard of her large teeth. She promised to serve her as her sister had done.

The first day she worked hard because she thought of the gold. The second day she began to grow careless. The third

day she did not get up until noon. Mother Frost said, "I think you are tired of working for me. You had better go home." The lazy maid was very glad; for she thought, "Now, I will get my gold!"

Mother Frost led her also to the door; but, as she stood within the doorway, instead of gold there was a shower of pitch. "This is the reward for your service," said Mother Frost, and closed the door. As the lazy maid came home the cock cried, "Cock—a—doodle—do! Our dirty maid comes home again." The pitch stuck to her as long as she lived.

Suggestions.

Explain *oven*, *pitch*.

Talk about the industrious maid and her reward. The idle and dishonest one and her punishment. Who was rewarded in "The Stardollar" story? Who was punished in "The Seven Little Goats"? In "Red Riding Hood"?

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED.

I.

Preparation.

A story of two sisters who lived with their mother in a little house in the woods. Their work and play. A bear came to the house and became their friend. A wicked dwarf did wrong and was punished. Talk of home in the woods, garden. Explain *widow*.

Narration.

THE HOME.

Once upon a time, in a little house in the woods, there lived a poor widow. The widow had a garden and in the garden were two beautiful rose bushes. On one of these bushes there grew lovely red roses; on the other the roses were as white as snow.

The widow had two daughters, who were both so sweet that she named them after the roses. One of the daughters she called Snow-white and the other Rose-red.

The children were both obedient and industrious, yet they were not quite alike. Snow-white was quiet and gentle and fond of staying in the house with her mother. Rose-red enjoyed running about the fields in search of flowers and butterflies.

Snow-white and Rose-red helped their mother to keep the little house clean and neat. They made the fire in the morning. They filled the kettle with water from the spring and hung it over the fire. It was a very bright little kettle, for it was made of copper and was polished till it shone like gold.

After breakfast the sisters worked cheerfully together. Each one had her share of the work. When that was done they learned their lessons and did their sewing and knitting. In all this their mother was their kind teacher and helper.

Suggestions.

The sisters' work. Homes mentioned in other stories. Fire-place mentioned in other stories. Garden. Copper kettle.

Comparison with home in "Mother Frost." Talk of love and helpfulness in the home.

II.

Preparation.

Talk of play and playmates in the woods.

Narration.

HOW SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED PLAYED.

Snow-white and Rose-red often played in the woods together. They ran about and played hide and seek among the trees. They waded in the little river. When they were tired of running about and sat down to rest, they made wreaths of flowers or leaves which they wore upon their heads.

Not one of the animals was afraid of them. The hares ate cabbage leaves out of their hands. The deer ate grass by their side. The squirrels knew the sisters well and came to eat the nuts they brought for them. The birds, too, loved them and went on building their nests or feeding their young ones. At the same time the birds sang their sweetest songs for Rose-red and Snow-white.

Suggestions.

The hare, the deer, the squirrel,—appearance, habits, home, use to man. Compare, for size and strength, with other animals known to the children.

III.

Preparation.

A bear comes to the house. Talk of bears the children have seen.

Explain *dwarf, treasure.*

Narration.

THE BEAR.

It was a cold, stormy night in winter. Snow-white, Rose-red and their mother sat by the fire.

The sisters were knitting while their mother read stories to them as they worked. A pet lamb lay at their feet and a dove perched upon the shelf above the fire-place.

Outside, the wind was howling and the snow fell fast. But it was warm and bright in the snug little house.

Suddenly there was a noise at the door. The mother stopped reading and listened. She heard the noise again and said, "Some poor traveler is lost in this fearful storm. Run, dear Snow-white, and let him in."

Snow-white jumped up and opened the door. In came, not a man, but a big, shaggy bear.

Oh, how frightened the children were! They clung to their mother and hid their faces in her dress. The lamb trembled and bleated. The dove woke up in a fright and flew about the room.

Presently the bear said, "Do not be afraid. I will not harm any of you." The mother answered, "I am sure you will not. Come, children, do not be afraid. This is a kind, friendly bear."

Then the mother told the bear to come close to the fire. When the children saw him stretched out on the floor, like a great dog, they lost their fear of him. Rose-red ran and fetched the broom to brush the snow from his coat.

The poor bear was very cold; but he soon grew warm before the bright fire. The children were not at all afraid of him now, but got upon his back and rolled off on the floor. The bear enjoyed the fun as much as they did. Only, when they pulled his rough coat too hard, he would say, "Do not hurt your old friend, my dears."

When bed time came the mother said, "I cannot think of turning you out this stormy night. Stay here by the fire." The bear thanked her and stretched out on the warm hearthstone.

In the morning the children opened the door for him, and off he trotted into the woods.

After that the bear came every evening. He lay down before the fire and the children played with him until it was time to go to bed.

The winter passed by. The green grass was springing up in the meadows, the tiny buds were breaking out into leaves and blossoms on the trees.

One morning the bear said, "Children, I must say goodbye to you. I am going away and you will not see me again until next winter." "Oh, where are you going, dear bear?"

said Snow-white. "I am going far away into the forest," he answered. "There are many precious things buried in the ground. In winter they are safe under the frozen earth. In the summer, when the sun has made the ground soft, it will be easy for the wicked dwarfs who live in the forest to dig down and take what I have buried. So I must go to watch over my treasures."

The children felt very sad as they said good-bye to their dear playmate; but he promised to come back.

As he went out the latch of the door caught in his rough coat and tore it. Snow-white thought that she saw something like gold glittering under the shaggy hair; but she was not sure, for the bear trotted away very quickly and soon disappeared among the trees.

Suggestions.

The bear,—appearance, home, habits, use to man, etc. The seasons—Spring, Winter.

Kindness and hospitality as shown in the story.

IV.

Preparation.

The sisters see a dwarf who is in trouble. Recall explanation of *dwarf*. Imagine in what trouble he might be. Explain *wedge*.

Narration.

A DWARF IN TROUBLE.

One day, not long after the bear had gone away, the mother sent Snow-white and Rose-red into the woods to gather sticks. They saw a big tree which the wind had blown down. As they drew near it they noticed something jumping up and down on the fallen tree-trunk. At first they could not tell what it was; but, when they went nearer, they saw it was a little dwarf with a wrinkled face and a long, white beard.

The tree was split from top to bottom and the dwarf's beard was caught and held fast in the crack. He was jumping about at a great rate, but he could not get free.

It was really a funny sight to see the dwarf hopping about, and Snow-white and Rose-red could not keep from laughing. This made the dwarf very angry. He cried out, "Why are you standing there laughing instead of coming to help me?"

The children, as you know, were kind-hearted; and when they saw how the dwarf felt they pitied him.

"Poor little man!" said Rose-red, "how did this happen?"

"Stupid thing," said the dwarf, "what a silly question. I was trying to split this tree that I might get wood for my fire. I drove my wedge into the tree, but the wedge flew out. As

the crack closed up again it caught my beard and holds it so tight I cannot get it out."

The children wished to help the poor dwarf. They went up to him and tried to pull his beard out of the tree, but all their pulling was of no use. "I will go home and get my mother," said Rose-red. "No, no," shouted the dwarf, "do not bring any more people here." "I think I can help you," said Snow-white. She took a little pair of scissors out of her pocket and cut the dwarf's beard off close to the tree.

No sooner was he free than he caught up a bag full of gold which was lying among the roots of the tree, swung it over his shoulder, and walked away.

As he went he said something about stupid children who had cut his beautiful white beard. And so, grumbling and without one word of thanks, he was soon out of sight.

Suggestions.

Kindness. Unthankfulness.

V.

Preparation.

The dwarf in trouble again. The children imagine what his trouble may be. Explanation of *river-bank*. Explain *rushes*.

Narration.

THE DWARF FISHING.

One pleasant summer day Snow-white and Rose-red went down to the river. As they sat on the bank they saw something which they thought was a big grasshopper jumping about. They went closer, to see what it could be, and then they saw it was the dwarf.

"What are you doing?" asked Rose-red; "are you trying to jump into the water?" "Do you take me for a fool?" cried the dwarf. "Don't you see that this fish is trying to drag me into the river?"

Sure enough, the children saw that the dwarf was in trouble again. He was fishing, and the wind had blown his long beard about so that it had become tangled in the fish line. A large fish was caught upon the hook, and it was pulling as hard as it could to get away.

The dwarf held on by one hand to the rushes on the river bank, while with the other hand he tried to untangle his beard from the line. But the fish was stronger than the dwarf, and if the sisters had not held on to him with all their might he would surely have been dragged into the water and drowned.

They tried hard to free him, but could not. Snow-white had to take out her little scissors again, and this time she had to cut off a long piece of the dwarf's beard. The dwarf was saved, but he was in a great rage because his beard was cut.

He jumped about and scolded the children until he was tired.

Then he lifted up a bag of pearls, which he had hidden among the rushes. Throwing it over his shoulder, he went off.

Suggestions.

Talk of rivers seen by members of the class, the uses of rivers, fishing, etc. Kindness of Snow-white and Rose-red. Unthankfulness of the dwarf.

VI.

Preparation.

The dwarf is saved from an eagle. What danger the dwarf could be in and how he could be saved. Recall former mention of *eagle.*

Narration.

THE DWARF AND AN EAGLE.

One afternoon the mother sent Snow-white and Rose-red to town to buy some things for her. They walked through the woods and finally came to an open place. No trees grew here. It was covered with bushes, and great rocks were lying about.

As the children walked along they saw an eagle flying in great circles in the sky. At last he pounced down upon something. What it was the sisters could not see, but they

heard loud cries for help. Snow-white and Rose-red ran to the spot from which the cries came. And then they saw the poor dwarf in great trouble.

The eagle had him in his strong claws and was carrying him away. The children caught hold of the dwarf's coat and held on with all their might. The big bird beat them with his great wings. He pecked at them with his strong bill, but they hung on to the dwarf's coat. At last the eagle let the dwarf go and flew away.

At first the dwarf could not speak, but stood trembling with fright. When he was able to speak he said in a fretful voice, "What do you mean by being so rough? See, you have torn my beautiful brown coat nearly off my back!"

Then he turned from them, picked up a bag, flung it over his shoulder, and went off. The children could hear him scolding about his beautiful brown coat as he went.

Suggestions.

The eagle, its habits, etc.
The bravery of Rose-red and Snow-white.

VII.

Preparation.

The dwarf is punished for wrong doing. Snow-white and Rose-red see the bear again.

Recall the bear's visit and the reason of his going away.
Explain *precious stones.*

Narration.

THE BEAR AGAIN.

After Snow-white and Rose-red had seen the dwarf disappear behind the rocks they went on to town. They got the things for which they were sent and started back on their way home.

As they were walking along they saw the dwarf. He was sitting among the rocks. He had emptied the bag of precious stones upon the ground and was admiring them. How the stones sparkled and flashed in the sunlight! Snow-white and Rose-red stopped to admire them, too.

"What are you staring at?" cried the dwarf. "Go on about your business." He sprang to his feet as if to drive them away, when all at once a terrible growl was heard and a big brown bear rushed out of the bushes.

The dwarf tried to run away, but the bear stood right in his path. Then the dwarf began to beg in a trembling voice, "O, dear Mr. Bear," he said, "spare my life. I am such a poor little creature. I would not be a mouthful for you. See, here are two nice, plump little girls. Eat them instead of me." But the bear paid no attention to him. Without a word he

lifted up his fore paw and with one blow laid the dwarf dead upon the ground.

Snow-white and Rose-red, in a great fright, were running away; but the bear called to them, "Snow-white, Rose-red, do not be afraid; it is I, your old friend and playmate."

They knew his voice and stopped to wait for him. But imagine how surprised they were when the shaggy bearskin fell to the ground and, instead of a big bear, a handsome young man in splendid dress stood before them!

"I am a king's son," he said; "and that wicked dwarf changed me into a bear and robbed me of nearly all my treasures. I have been obliged to wander about in the woods. At last he is dead and I am free."

Not many years afterwards Snow-white was married to the prince and Rose-red to his brother.

The sisters took their dear mother to live with them in the prince's palace, and they all lived happily forever after.

The rose bushes were taken to the new home and planted in the palace garden. There, year after year, they bore sweet red and white roses—just as they had done in the little garden in the woods.

Suggestions.

Punishment. Gratitude.
Explain *prince*, *king*, *palace*.

THE COCK AND THE HEN.

I.

Preparation.

This is a story of a cock and a hen who went to a nut mountain, and of what happened there.

A talk about why they would go there and what they would find.

Narration.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A cock once said to a hen, "It is now the time when the nuts are ripe. Let us go to the nut mountain and eat all we can before the squirrels carry them all away." "Yes," said the hen; "let us go and enjoy ourselves."

So they went to the mountain together and, as it was a bright, sunny day, they stayed there until evening. Now, whether it was because they had eaten too much, or whether they were too proud, I do not know; but they did not want to

go home on foot. The cock thereupon built a small wagon out of the nut shells lying about.

When the wagon was ready, he seated himself in it and said to the hen, "You be my horse and pull the wagon for me." "Indeed, I will not," said the hen; "you be the horse yourself. I will get upon the seat and be driver. I would rather walk home than be your horse and pull the wagon."

While they were quarreling, a duck came out of the bushes. She was very angry and said, "Who has given you permission to eat nuts on my nut mountain? Wait a minute and it will cost you dearly." Then she rushed at the cock with outstretched neck to bite him. But the cock flew at the duck and pecked her and struck her with his sharp spurs till she was glad enough to stop fighting. The cock then harnessed the duck to the wagon. He and the hen got in and away they went down the mountain.

Suggestions.

A talk with the children about autumn, and about different kinds of nuts. Animals that eat them. What animals hoard them for winter use? How does the hen differ from the duck? Why? etc. Their food and their homes.

The quarrel. Who was to blame? Who was proud? Who was punished? Who was punished in "Seven Little Goats"? In "Red Riding Hood"? In "Mother Frost"? In "Snow-white and Rose-red"?

II.

Preparation.

On their way home the cock and the hen overtake two travelers.

Test the children's knowledge of *travelers* and *travel.*

Narration.

THE TRAVELERS.

The cock and the hen had not gone far when they heard a voice calling to them to stop. The cock told the duck to stop, and found that they had overtaken a pin and a needle traveling along the road. The cock asked them what they wanted. The needle said, "It is now getting dark and we fear that we shall lose our way. I have but one eye and the pin has none at all. Please be so good as to let us ride with you."

At first the cock said, "No;" but the travelers begged so hard that he at last consented. "You are so small," he said, "that you will take up no room. But you must be very careful not to tread on the hen's toes."

They promised to be very careful and climbed into the wagon at once. The cock told the duck to go on. "You

must be quick, Mrs. Duck," he said, "or we shall not get home to-night." So the duck waddled along as fast as she could. She could not go much faster, for she was getting tired.

Suggestions.

Different ways of traveling.

Who was polite? Tell who was polite in the previous stories? Who was kind?

III.

Preparation.

Where they passed the night and what happened. A promise.

The main ideas tested. How did the little girl in "Star-dollars" pass the night? Where do travelers usually stay at night?

Explain *inn*. *Innkeeper*.

Narration.

AT THE INN.

Late in the evening they came to an inn; and because the duck was tired and the night dark, they drove up to the door.

The cock asked the innkeeper if they might stay over night. The innkeeper did not like their looks and said at

first, "No, I have no room, and I think you have no money." But the cock replied, "You shall have the egg that the hen has laid and the one the duck lays every day." So the innkeeper consented. They all went in, ate their supper, and lay down to sleep.

The next morning, long before the other people at the hotel were up, the cock and the hen took the egg, broke it, and ate it together. The shell, however, they threw into the ashes in the fireplace. They then waked up the needle and the pin. The needle they stuck into the innkeeper's chair and the pin into his towel. The duck, who slept in the yard, heard them stirring around and flew to the brook and swam away. The cock and the hen then hurried on to their home.

Suggestions.

Fireplace. How are our houses heated? Stoves, furnaces, steam, etc. Was the promise kept? Describe the conduct of the cock and the hen.

IV.

Preparation.

This part tells what happened to the innkeeper when he got up next morning. Tell what you think happened.

Narration.

THE INNKEEPER.

In a couple of hours after the duck had taken to the water and the cock and the hen had hurried away, the landlord awoke. He got up, put on his clothes, washed himself, and reached for the towel. As he wiped his face the pin made a deep red scratch across his cheek. This made him angry. Then he went into the kitchen to light his pipe. As he leaned over the fireplace to get a coal, the eggshell burst and scattered the ashes into his face and eyes. This made him more angry.

He went to his chair to sit down, but quickly jumped up again and cried "Ouch!" Now he was very angry and said, "Those ragamuffins that came here so late last night did this." He went to find them, but they could not be found. Then he said, "Never again will I take such people into my house. They eat and drink and pay nothing, and play tricks on me besides."

Suggestions.

What made the eggshell burst? Do you know anything that explodes? Conduct of the cock and the hen at the inn. The broken promise. Did the innkeeper deserve such treatment?

DEATH OF THE COCK.

I.

Preparation.

This story tells of the death of the cock on the nut mountain, of the sorrow of the hen, and of all the animals; about the funeral, and at last about the death of the hen.

How do you suppose the cock met his death on the nut mountain?

Narration.

DEATH OF THE COCK.

Another time the cock and the hen went to the nut mountain. It was a fine day and they were in the best of spirits. "Let us make a promise," said the cock, "that the first one that finds a nut will share it with the other." "I agree to that," said the hen.

The cock was the first to find a nut. It was a fine, large one. He did not say anything about it, for he wanted it all himself. The kernel, however, was so large that it stuck in

his throat. He tried every way to get it out, but there it stuck. He at last cried to the hen, "Dear hen, run quick and fetch me some water or I shall choke to death." The hen ran as fast as she could to the brook. But before she could get back the cock had choked to death.

Suggestions.

Tell about the conduct of the cock. Who acted like the cock in the stories we have had? Who shared food with others? The cock's punishment.

II.

Preparation.

The animals were all sorry for the hen and came to help her at the funeral.

Narration.

THE FUNERAL.

When the hen returned and found her mate dead, she was very sorry, and she began to cry in a loud voice. While she was crying there came six little mice, running up to see what was the matter. They felt sorry for the poor hen and said, "Poor hen, we will help you." Then they made a little wagon

and placed the dead cock in it. When this was done, they harnessed themselves to the wagon. Then they said, "We will draw the cock to his grave." The hen walked behind, weeping, and they all set out to bury the cock.

On the way they met a fox. The fox said, "What is the matter, hen?" "Oh!" said the hen, "the cock is dead and we are going to bury him." "I am sorry," said the fox. "May I go to the funeral?" As they went along they met a wolf, a bear, a hare, a lion, and many other animals. They were all sorry and asked to be allowed to go to the funeral.

Suggestions.

The animals mentioned; the largest; the smallest; the strongest; their homes; their food, etc. Different kinds of wagons.

The conduct of the animals. Who was helpful in "Stardollars"? In "Seven Little Goats"? In "Red Riding Hood"? Do you think of any others that were helpful?

III.

Preparation.

The story tells us of the trouble the hen and the other animals had in crossing a river. Have children suggest ways of crossing the river.

Narration.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

The six little mice went on with the wagon. The hen and her friends walked behind. They passed through a forest and

across a meadow, and finally came to a river. There was no bridge over this river; but as the procession came to the river bank a straw, which lay there, wanted to be helpful and said, "I will be your bridge." Then he laid himself across the water.

The little mice tried first to cross. They stepped upon the straw bridge and snap! it broke. All the mice fell into the water and were drowned. A coal then happened to come along. He said, "I am big enough; I will lay myself over the water." He had hardly touched the water when he sank to the bottom.

The poor hen was very much frightened and did not know what to do. Just then a long stone, that lay near and had seen all that had happened, laid himself over the river. The hen took the wagon herself and drew it over safe to the other side.

All the animals tried to go over, but there were so many of them that the stone broke and they fell into the river and were drowned. Then the hen was alone again. She dug a grave, laid the cock in it, and made a little mound over it. When she had done this, the hen sat upon the grave and grieved over the death of the cock till she, too, died.

Suggestions.

In which stories have you heard of a forest? Of meadows? Of brooks? Of rivers?

Explain *bridges*, *materials of*, etc.

BIRDIE AND LENA.

I.

Preparation.

A story of a little child who was found by a hunter in an eagle's nest. Children tell what they know about the eagle In what story did we learn about the eagle?

Narration.

HOW THE HUNTER FOUND BIRDIE.

Once upon a time a mother was walking through a woods with a little child in her arms. She became very tired and sat down under a tree to rest. She fell asleep as she sat there, and the baby slept in her lap.

By and by an eagle that was flying far overhead saw the child in the mother's lap. He flew down, caught up the child in his strong claws, and carried it away to his nest in a great oak tree.

A hunter saw the eagle flying towards the oak tree. He thought that he saw something strange in the eagle's claws.

He waited until the eagle had laid the child in his nest. Then the hunter fired his gun. The noise frightened the eagle away.

Climbing the tree, the hunter found the little baby lying in the eagle's nest. He took the little one in his strong arms and carried it home with him. He had but one child—a little daughter whose name was Lena.

When he brought the little one home he said, "Here is a little sister for you, Lena. We will call her Birdie because I found her in an eagle's nest." Lena was glad to see the baby girl, and kissed her. The two children played and ate and slept together. They grew to love each other so much that, if they were parted for even a little while, they felt lonely and sad.

Suggestions.

Talk about the hunter and hunting wild animals.

II.

Preparation.

The cook in the hunter's home did not like Birdie. Recall characters in preceding part of story. Talk about work of the cock and the idea—*housekeeper.*

Narration.

THE COOK.

An old woman lived in the hunter's home. She was the cook. She was busy all day long doing the work and taking care of the children, for Lena's mother was dead.

The hunter went out early in the morning. At night he came home, bringing what he had shot in the woods. Then he played with the children or told them wonderful stories.

Lena and her father both loved Birdie dearly and were always kind to her. But the old cook did not love her at all. She was angry when the hunter brought the little child home. She had more work to do caring for two children than for one; and the children were often noisy in their play. All this made the old cook dislike Birdie. So she made up her mind to get rid of her.

A great iron pot stood in the kitchen. One day Lena saw the old cook carrying pails of water from the spring near the house. She poured the water into the big pot and went for more. This she did again and again.

Lena wondered why she was doing this. She asked, "Why are you carrying in so much water?" The cook looked around to see if anyone else were near. Then she whispered to Lena, "I will tell you, Lena, if you promise never, never to

tell anyone." Lena promised. Then the old woman said, "I do not like Birdie. I am filling this big pot with water and to-morrow, when your father is gone, I will drown her in it."

Suggestions.

Talk of *springs; cooking; value of good cooking.*

III.

Preparation.

Birdie is saved by Lena. Talk of Birdie's danger. Children imagine how she might be saved.

Narration.

HOW BIRDIE WAS SAVED.

Lena felt very sad indeed when the old cook said, "I am going to drown Birdie." Oh, how sorry she was that she had made such a promise! All day long she thought about it and grew sadder and sadder. Birdie would ask, "What is the matter, dear Lena?" But Lena would say, "I cannot tell you, Birdie."

Night came and the children went to bed; but Lena could not sleep. At last she said to herself, "That was not a good promise. I will not keep it." So she woke Birdie and told her all about what the old cook had said and done.

Then she said, "But I can save you, Birdie, if you will trust me and do just as I say." "O, Lena," said Birdie, "I do trust you. I know you love me and I will do just as you say." "Then," said Lena, "let us get up and dress ourselves. We will slip quietly out of the house and hide in the forest before the old cook is up." So the children dressed themselves. They went softly out of the house and ran far away into the forest.

When the hunter had eaten his breakfast and left the house, the old cook went to the children's room to get Birdie. How astonished she was to find the bed empty and both the children gone. How frightened she felt when she thought of the hunter's anger when he should come home. "Oh," she cried, "what shall I say when the hunter comes home and finds that the children are gone?"

Suggestions.

Breaking a bad promise.
Apprehensions of evil doers.

IV.

Preparation.

The cook sends servants to find the two girls, but they are not successful. Children imagine where the servants will search for Lena and Birdie.

Narration.

THE SEARCH.

The cook sent the servants to look for Birdie and Lena. They went into the woods looking everywhere, behind trees and among the bushes. Lena saw them coming towards the place where she and Birdie were hiding. "Birdie," she said, "will you do just as I say?" "Yes, Lena," said Birdie, "I will." "Then," said Lena, "we must change quickly so that the servants will not find us. You must be a rosebush, Birdie, and I will be a red rose growing upon it." As she spoke they were changed. Birdie became a rosebush and Lena a sweet red rose growing upon it.

The servants came and looked all around for the children; but, as they could not find them anywhere, they went back to the house. The old cook was at the window watching anxiously for them. "Where are the children?" she cried. "We could not find them," answered the servants. "We thought once that we saw them, but when we reached the place they were nowhere to be seen. There was nothing there but a rosebush with a rose upon it."

"O you stupid things," cried the cook; "why did you not bring me the rose? Go back and get it."

V.

Preparation.

The servants try to find the rosebush and the rose. The children escape again. Children imagine how they escape.

Narration.

THE SERVANTS GO AGAIN TO THE FOREST.

When the old cook said, "Go back to the forest and bring me the rose," the servants went back. As they came near the place where they had seen the rosebush and rose, Lena saw them coming. "We must change again, dear Birdie," she said. "You must be a church and I will be the steeple."

When the servants came to the place the rosebush and the rose were gone. And there stood a tiny church with a tall steeple! The servants were astonished. They said to one another, "I did not see that church here before. Did you? Well, we can not find the rosebush and rose, so we may as well go back. My! but won't the old cook be cross?"

L. of C.

VI.

Preparation.

The cook goes out to look for the children and is punished. Talk of cook's wicked plan and what her punishment may be.

Explain *pond*.

Narration.

THE COOK PUNISHED.

So the cook set out to look for the children herself and the servants went with her. By and by they came near the place where Birdie and Lena were. Lena saw them coming because she was the steeple and could see far around her. "O Birdie," she cried, "here comes the old cook. We must change again. You must be a pond, dear Birdie, and I will be a duck swimming upon the pond."

It was no sooner said than done; and when the old woman and the servants came, the church and the steeple had disappeared. And there, among the trees, they saw a little pond with a snow-white duck swimming upon it. "There they are," cried the wicked old woman; "I am going to drink all that

water up." And so saying she stooped down to drink up all the water; but she lost her balance and, falling head-first into the pond, was drowned.

Birdie and Lena took back their own shapes again. You may be sure the servants were astonished when they heard the whole story. As for the old cook, they said, "She was a wicked woman; she is well punished."

The children went back to the house and, when the hunter came home, told him all about the old woman's wicked plan and how Birdie was saved. He, too, said, "She was a wicked woman. She is well punished." And now that the old cook was gone, Birdie and her kind friends lived happily together all the rest of their lives.

Suggestions.

Punishment. Recall punishment in previous stories.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX.

I.

Preparation.

A wolf made a fox get his food for him. He made him take food from farmers' yards and houses.

What kind of food would a wolf find in a farmer's yard?

Narration.

AT THE FARMYARD.

Once upon a time a wolf caught a fox and kept him as a servant. Whatever the wolf said, the fox must do. One day they were going through a forest and the wolf said to the fox, "Get me some food or I will eat you." The fox said, "I know a farmyard where there are two young lambs which, if you wish, I will fetch for you?" This pleased the wolf very much. They went to the farmyard and the fox, slipping slyly into the yard, stole a fine young lamb and brought it to the wolf.

When he had done this he ran away, leaving the wolf alone to enjoy his dinner. The wolf quickly devoured the lamb, but

did not feel satisfied. He wanted more, and went to get the other lamb from the yard. But he was so clumsy and made so much noise that the mother sheep heard him. She cried out, "Baa! baa!" This wakened the farmers and they came running to help her. They found the wolf and, before the thief could get over the fence, they beat him severely. He ran limping to the fox and said, "You have led me into a fine place! When I went to get the other lamb the farmers came out and beat me terribly."

"That is because you are such a glutton," said the fox. "You always want too much."

Suggestions.

Compare wolf and fox, their homes, food, etc.
Explain *glutton*.
Describe the conduct of the wolf. Did he deserve punishment?

II.

Preparation.

The wolf and the fox visit a farm house to get some pancakes.

Narration.

AT THE FARM HOUSE.

The next day the wolf and the fox again went into the forest and the greedy wolf said to the fox, "Get me something

to eat right quick or I will eat you!" The fox said he knew of a farm house near by where the cook was going to make some pancakes that very day. So they turned and went there.

When they got there the sly fox crept up very quietly and entered the house. He sneaked around till he found where the dish was that held the pancakes. He then slyly drew out six of the cakes and took them to the wolf, saying, "Here is something for you to eat," and ran away as before.

The wolf ate them and, in a minute or two, wishing to have more, he went into the house and tried to get some out of the dish. But he was so clumsy that he knocked the dish down. It fell with a loud crash and was broken in pieces. The noise alarmed the cook who came running out. When she saw the wolf she called the family. The farmer came and beat him with such good will that he ran home to the fox howling, and with two lame legs.

"What a fine place you have drawn me into now!" he cried. "The farmers have caught me again and dressed my skin till my bones cracked." "Why, then, are you such a glutton?" asked the fox.

III.

Preparation.

On the third day they visited a farmer's **cellar.**

Explain *cellar*. Food found there.

Narration.

IN THE CELLAR.

They went out again the third day, the wolf limping along very painfully. When they were some distance from home the wolf said to the fox, "Get me something to eat quick, or I will eat you."

The fox said he knew a man who had just killed a pig and salted it down in a cask in his cellar. The wolf replied, "I will go with you if you promise to help me if we get into trouble." "Of course I will help you," said the fox, and showed him how to get into the cellar.

Once in, there was plenty of meat. The wolf was delighted at the sight and set to work at once. The fox, too, liked meat; but he kept looking around while eating and running now and then to the hole through which they came, to see if his body would still slip through easily. Presently the wolf asked, "Why are you running about so?" "I want to see if any one is coming," replied the cunning fox. "Mind you don't eat too much!"

The wolf said he would not leave till all the meat was eaten.

Meanwhile the farmer, who had heard the noise made by the pair in the cellar, walked in. The fox, as soon as he saw him, made a spring and was out through the hole in a jiffy.

The wolf tried to follow, but he had eaten so much that his

body was too big for the hole and he stuck fast. Then came the farmer with a stout cudgel and beat him to death.

The fox ran away into the forest, very glad to be rid of his greedy master.

Suggestions.

Farms, farmers. Where does our food come from? Preserving meat. Why did the fox serve the wolf? Was either one honest? Who was made to do wrong?

THE STREET MUSICIANS.

I.

Preparation.

Our story to-day tells of four animals that formed a plan to go to a city called Bremen and become street musicians. But darkness overtook them on the way and they had to spend the night in a forest. What animals might become musicians? What music can each one make? Tell about street musicians you have seen. What kind of instruments did they play on?

Narration.

HOW THE MUSICIANS CAME TOGETHER.

A man once had a donkey that, for many years, had carried heavy sacks of grain to the mill for him. At last the donkey grew old. He became weak and could no longer carry heavy loads.

One day, as he was eating hay in his stall, he heard his master say, "That old donkey is good for nothing. I am not going to feed him any longer. When he dies I will have his tough old hide for a cover to my wagon."

At this the poor donkey felt very sad. He said to himself:

"I have worked hard for my master all these years and now the hard-hearted man cares nothing for me and is going to turn me out and let me die of starvation. But he is mistaken about that. I will not stay here to die. I will help myself. I have always had a beautiful, strong voice. It is fine and good yet. I will go to the great city, Bremen, and be a street musician. The people will gladly pay to hear such fine music as I can make; and with the money I can buy food for myself in my old age."

So the old donkey set out on the road to Bremen. As he walked along he saw a dog lying by the roadside. The dog was panting and seemed very tired. The donkey stopped and looked at him. "What is the matter with you?" he asked. "You look as if you are in trouble."

"Indeed, I am in trouble," said the dog. "I am too old and weak to go hunting with my master and I heard him say this morning that he intends to kill me. No wonder I am sad." The donkey replied: "I have just left my master because he was going to turn me out to starve, and I am going to Bremen to be a street musician and earn my living. You may go, too. So come along; we will go together." "That I will," said the dog. So the two went on side by side toward the city.

By and by they came to a cat sitting on a fence by the roadside. She looked as though she had not a friend in all the wide world. The two friends stopped to speak to her.

"What is the matter with you, old whiskers?" said the donkey. "You look as dismal as three days of rainy weather."

"No wonder," answered the cat. "I am now too old to catch mice; my teeth are gone and my claws are dull; and my heartless master says he is going to drown me in the pond." "Cheer up," said the donkey. "We two are going to be musicians. You can sing tenor to our bass. You are just the one we want. Come with us to Bremen." The cat thanked the donkey for the kind invitation and said she was delighted with the plan and would go gladly. So the three went on towards Bremen.

As they were passing by a farm they saw a cock perched upon a barn door. He was crowing as loud as he could. The donkey called out, "What ails you, old red comb? You are crowing as if you meant to split your throat." "I am crowing while I can," said the cock; "to-morrow the cook is going to put me into the soup pot." And he went on crowing louder than ever. "I can tell you something better than that," said the donkey. "We are all going to be musicians. You have a fine voice, so come with us." "Thank you," said the cock. "I will gladly go. I have no taste for soup." He flew down, and the four friends went on merrily together.

Model Treatment.

Tell what the donkey had done all his life. Why did his master want

to get rid of him? Give the conversation between the donkey and the dog; the donkey and each of the other animals.

To what city were the animals going? Bremen is a large city in Germany, across the ocean. Do you know any one that has come from Germany? Do you live in a city? In what large city have you been? Which is the more useful, the donkey or the dog? Tell what each does for us. Tell about the different kinds of dogs that you know. What do shepherd dogs do? Newfoundland dogs?

Why did the masters wish to be rid of these animals? How should animals be treated in their old age? What do we say of those that try to support themselves?

II.

Preparation.

I will now tell you how the four musicians passed the night in a forest on the way to Bremen, and what happened to them there. Do you remember any one in the stories we have heard that passed the night in a forest? Tell how it happened? Why does one not like to stay in a forest all night? What dangers are there in a forest?

Narration.

IN THE FOREST.

The four companions could not reach Bremen in one day, so must pass the night on the road. Night came on them as they were passing through a deep forest. They could no longer see the way, and so they stopped. The donkey leaned up against a great tree. The dog lay on the ground beneath,

the cat curled herself up on a branch, and the cock flew up to the very top.

After a time the cock said, "I see a light. It seems to come from the window of a house." "Oh," said the donkey, "let us go to it; perhaps some kind people live in the house. They may give us something to eat. I am hungry. I would like a mouthful of hay." "I would be thankful for even a couple of bones," said the dog. The cat and the cock, too, were hungry. So the four animals went on toward the light.

As they came nearer the light grew larger and clearer. Finally they came to a house, the home of a band of robbers. The donkey, being the largest, went to the window and looked in. "What do you see?" said the cock.

"Oh! I see a table with all kinds of good things to eat on it. Around it there seems to be a band of robbers, eating and drinking and having a merry time," said the donkey.

"There must be something there for us," said the cock. "Yes, indeed!" said the donkey. "Some of that food must be for us." The four animals then agreed upon a plan to frighten the robbers away from the house so that they might go in and eat. The donkey put his fore feet on the window sill. The dog jumped up on the donkey's back. The cat sprang up on the dog's back, and the cock flew up on top of the cat.

When they were all ready, each one made his music as loud

as he could. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock crowed. The noise they made was so loud and strong that the window rattled and the whole house shook. The robbers heard the noise outside but could not tell what it was. They were all terribly frightened. One thought it was the police. Another cried, "It is the soldiers!"

And so hallowing, one this, the other that, they ran pell mell out of the house and hid in the woods. Then the four friends went in and sat at the robbers' table and ate and drank until they were satisfied. Then they put out the light and each one found a comfortable place in which to sleep. The donkey stretched himself out on some straw in the yard. The dog lay behind the door. The cat lay down by the hearth, and the cock flew up on the rafter. They were so tired after their long journey that they were soon fast asleep, and so all was quiet in the little house in the woods.

Model Treatment.

Where did the animals plan to spend the night? Tell how each one made ready for sleep. Who saw the light? Why did they go toward it? Who peeped in? What did he see? Tell how the animals frightened the robbers away.

In what stories have you heard of a cock? Tell how the cat differs from the dog. Of what use are cats? How do they catch mice? Did you ever see a cat sharpen her claws? What animals are like cats?

Why did the robbers live in the forest?

Why were they so easily frightened?

Why did they think of police and soldiers?

III.

Preparation.

We shall now learn that the robbers came back while the four musicians were asleep in the house, and what happened. Tell where each animal went to sleep. What do you think they did when the robbers came back? Let us see.

Narration.

THE ROBBERS RETURN.

The robbers did not go very far away. They hid in the woods and watched to see what went on in the house. Along about midnight one of the robbers said: "See, the light is out. Perhaps the police have gone away." "Yes," said all the other robbers, as they looked, "the light is out."

The captain of the robbers then sent one of the band to see if all was safe. He stole softly through the woods and crept into the house. When once in he saw something shining in the fireplace. It was the cat's eyes, but he thought it was two coals of fire. So he took the candle from the table and stooped to light it at the coals. The cat at once sprang at him and scratched his face with her claws. The robber, badly scared, ran out of the house. As he ran, the dog awoke and bit him in the leg. The donkey kicked him, and the cock

cried out, "Cock—a—doodle—do." Still worse frightened, he ran back to where the others were hiding.

"Oh!" he said, "I wouldn't go back there for the world! There was a terrible old woman sitting by the fireplace. She scratched me with her long finger nails. A man lay behind the door: he cut me in the leg with his long knife. A giant, who was lying in the yard, struck me with his great club. Then some one cried out, 'Bring a rope and hang the thief.' So I ran back as fast as I could."

When the other robbers heard this they all said, "No, it is not safe to go back there;" and they went away to another part of the country. The four musicians liked the little house in the woods so much that they remained there all the rest of their days in joy and comfort.

Model Treatment.

1. Tell where the robbers went when they ran away. Tell what the one said who saw that the light was out. What did the captain then say? What did the cat do to the robber? The dog? The donkey? The cock? Tell what report he made to his brother robbers. What did they then do?

2. Why did the robber go to the fireplace? What is a candle? What do we use in place of candles? A long time ago people used candles. Of what were they made? What is burned in lamps? Where do we get it? Where do we get gas? Can cats see better than dogs or donkeys or chickens? Where do cats sleep? Dogs? Donkeys? Cocks?

Why do chickens sleep up so high?

Why are robbers afraid of police?

What are *policemen?*

What is their duty? Who pays policemen? In what other stories did we hear of a fireplace? (In "The Cock and the Hen.") Tell about it.

Detail of Form Work.

PART.	MAKING.	DRAWING.	CUTTING.	DRAMATIZATION.
I.	The animals modeled in clay.	The donkey, the dog, and the cat talking to the cock.	The four animals on their journey.	The meeting of the four animals.
II.	The robbers' house (of paper).	The four animals frightening the robbers.	The robbers hidden in the wood.	The four animals in the forest and frightening the robbers.
III.	Candle and Standard. (See Worst, Ex. 86).	The robbers running away.	Different kinds of lights and receptacles for lights.	The robber, returning to the house and frightened away by the animals.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN.

I.

Preparation.

The story of a straw, a coal, and a bean. How they met, how they started on a journey, and what happened to them.

Children imagine how they could meet.

Narration.

THE MEETING.

In a little house in a village there once lived an old woman. One day this old woman went to her garden and picked some beans for her dinner. She had a fire on the hearth, but to make it burn brighter she threw on a handful of straw.

One of the straws slipped out of her fingers and lay on the floor. As she threw the beans into the pot to boil, a bean fell on the floor and lay quite near the straw. Suddenly a red-hot coal bounced out of the fire and fell close to the straw and the bean.

They both started away, calling out, "Friend, do not come near us until you are cooler. What brings you out here?" "Oh!" said the coal, "the heat made me so strong that I was able to bounce from the fire. And a lucky thing it was for

me, too, for if I had stayed there I would surely have been burned to ashes."

Then the bean said, "I also had a narrow escape. If the old woman had put me into the pot with the others, I would certainly have been boiled to death." "It was a good thing for me," said the straw, "that I slipped through the old woman's fingers, or I would have been burned with the others." And so the three talked as they lay on the hearthstone together.

Suggestions.

Recall fireplace in other stories. Fire.
Talk of straw, its uses, how obtained, etc.

II.

Preparation.

The straw, the coal and the bean plan to go on a journey. Their troubles. Children give reasons for going. Imagine what their troubles may be.

Explain *tailor*.

Narration.

THE JOURNEY.

After the straw, the coal and the bean had talked together awhile, the coal said, "Well, what shall we do now?" "I think," said the bean, "that we had better leave this place as

quickly as possible. If the old woman sees us she will put me into the pot." "Yes," said the straw, "that is a good idea. Let us go quickly and travel to some more friendly country." So the three set off together.

By and by they came to a little stream over which there was no bridge. They were puzzled to know how to get across. Finally the straw said, "I will place myself across the stream and you can walk over me as if I were a bridge." So the straw laid himself from one bank to the other and the coal started to trip gaily across. But when he reached the middle he heard the waters rushing under him. He became frightened and stood still. It was a great pity that he did this, for, as he was quite hot, the straw became scorched. It broke in two, fell into the water, and floated away. The coal fell in also and, with a hiss, sank to the bottom of the stream.

The bean, who had remained upon the bank, saw all that had happened to her two friends. It seemed so funny to her that she laughed and laughed until she burst her skin. She was now as badly off as the others, and felt very sad indeed.

Just then a tailor came along. He also was traveling and, being tired, sat down on the bank to rest. He saw what trouble the poor bean was in. Being a kind-hearted man, he took a needle and thread out of his pocket and sewed up the bean's torn skin. And from that day to this every bean has a

scar on its back, showing where the kind-hearted tailor sewed its ancestor's torn skin.

Suggestions.

Bean; uses; how prepared for food; appearance; where obtained. Recall similar incident in "Death of the Cock."

Kindness and unkindness of friends or companions as shown in this story. Recall instances of the same traits in other stories. ("The Death of the Cock"; "Birdie and Lena)."

Kindness and unkindness as shown to strangers in this story. Recall examples in "The Cock and the Hen," "The Death of the Cock," "The Street Musicians."

CINDERELLA.

I.

Preparation.

The story of a rich girl who had to serve her sisters; of her sisters' unkindness; of kind friends who helped her, and of how she was happy at last.

Explain *serve* and *servant*. Talk of servants' work.

Narration.

HOW CINDERELLA GOT HER NAME.

Once upon a time there was a girl whose father and mother were rich. They lived in a beautiful house and had everything that they could want. They loved each other very much and lived happily together.

But one day the mother became very sick and, as she grew worse and worse, she knew that she was going to die. She called her daughter to her and said: "My child, I am going to leave you. When I am gone, remember that I have tried to teach you to be good and kind and loving."

The daughter promised that she would never forget what her dear mother had taught her. They kissed each other lovingly, and not long after the mother died.

After a while the father brought a new wife home. He thought that this lady would be a kind mother to his daughter.

But he was mistaken. The new wife was not at all kind. She was proud and bad-tempered. And she had two young lady daughters who were even worse than their mother.

One day, not long after the new mother and sisters had come to the little girl's home, they were all sitting together in the parlor.

One of the sisters said: "Mother, must we have her sitting with us all the time? We don't want her here. Send her into the kitchen and let her do the work." And the mother said to the little girl, "Yes, go into the kitchen and work. We do not want you here. Go quickly."

So the daughter of the house went into the kitchen and began to work. The sisters came out after a while and looked at her as she worked. One of them said, "That dress is altogether too pretty for you; give it to me." The other sister said, "Take off those pretty shoes and give them to me." She gave her pretty shoes and dress to her sisters, who threw a ragged old dress and wooden shoes to her saying, "Here, take these; they are good enough for you."

Then they said to her, "Your bedroom is too nice for a girl who works in the kitchen. We want that room for ourselves; you may sleep here." As she had nowhere else to sleep, the poor girl slept in the kitchen.

It was often cold there at night after the fire had gone out. So she would creep into the great fireplace and curl herself up into the warm ashes and sleep.

Her sisters found this out. But, instead of being sorry for her, they laughed at her and called her Cinderella, the ash-girl.

Suggestions.

Wooden shoes.
Unkindness in the family.

II.

Preparation.

Cinderella's father goes to a fair and promises to bring each one a present. What will each ask for?

Explain *fair*. *Pearl necklace.*

Narration.

THE FAIR.

There was a large town near Cinderella's home. Every year there was a fair in this town. The people who had things to sell brought them to the fair.

If you were to walk through the streets of this town you would see booths gaily trimmed with flags and flowers and the branches of trees.

There were many pretty things for sale in these booths. There were silks and satins. There were rings and bracelets and necklaces; and there were toys for boys and girls.

People walked about looking at the beautiful things in the booths. There was music and dancing, and everybody was gay and happy.

One morning Cinderella's father said, "I am going to the fair. I will buy each of you girls a present, so tell me what you want." The oldest one said, "O papa, bring me a pretty silk dress. I need a new party dress." "Oh!" cried the second sister, "I must have a pearl necklace. Do bring me a beautiful pearl necklace." "Very well," said the father, "you shall have what you want." Then he turned to Cinderella and asked, "And what shall I bring you, my daughter?" She replied, "I do not want anything from the fair, father. But please bring me the first branch that touches your hat as you ride home through the forest."

The two sisters laughed and said: "What a goose you are, Cinderella. Why don't you ask for something nice?" Her father said, "Yes, daughter, I will bring you anything you wish from the fair." But Cinderella said, "I do not want anything, father, but the first branch that touches your hat as you ride home through the forest." So the father mounted his horse and rode off to the fair.

By and by he came back; and sure enough he brought the silk dress and the pearl necklace to the sisters, and to Cinderella he gave the branch she had asked for.

She took the branch and planted it on her mother's grave. Every day she watered it and at last the branch grew to be a fine tree. Its roots reached down into the ground. Its branches spread out on every side. The birds came and built their nests in it. How glad Cinderella was to see her tree growing so big and strong! When she felt sad and lonely, she went out to her dear tree and it comforted her. The birds, too, were her friends. She talked to them, and brought them crumbs to eat, and they sang their sweetest songs for her.

Suggestions.

Talk of planting trees.
Needs of such plants.
Treatment of birds.

III.

Preparation.

Cinderella's sisters go to a ball. Explain *king, queen, prince.* Children give their idea of a ball. Will Cinderella go?

Narration.

THE BALL.

The king of the country in which Cinderella lived had a son. When this son was twenty-one years old the king said

to the queen, "Let us give a grand ball for our son. We will invite all the beautiful young ladies of the land so that our son can choose a wife."

The king and queen sent out invitations to the ball and Cinderella's father and mother were invited to come and bring their daughters. The ball was to last three nights, and everyone expected to have a very fine time, indeed.

How glad Cinderella's sisters were when the invitations came. They said, "We must get out our most beautiful dresses and our loveliest ornaments; and you, Cinderella, must help us."

And so poor little Cinderella had to run to and fro helping her proud sisters to get ready for the ball.

At last the day of the ball came. Oh, how busy Cinderella was! She had to brush and comb her sisters' hair. She had to sew bows on their slippers. She had to help them dress.

"O sisters," she said at last, "I wish I could go to the ball, too. I would like to see the king and queen, and the handsome young prince." But her sisters said, "Nonsense! Your dress is too ragged and your shoes are too clumsy. You cannot go."

So Cinderella went to the mother and asked her if she might go to the ball. The mother took a peck of seeds and flung them out into the backyard where they fell among the

ashes. "Now, Cinderella," she said, "if you pick up all of those seeds in an hour, you may go to the ball." Cinderella stood in the yard and began to call, in her soft, sweet voice: "Come, little pigeons and turtle doves. If you don't help me, what shall I do?"

Down flew the pigeons and the turtle doves and all the birds who knew and loved Cinderella. Down they came and set to work to help her. Pick! pick! pick! with their sharp little bills, and soon all the seeds were out of the ashes and back in the peck measure again.

Then Cinderella ran to her mother. "See, mother," she said, "here are the seeds. Now may I go to the ball?" But the mother said, "No, you cannot go;" and turning her back on the poor girl she and her daughters went to the ball.

Suggestions.

Talk about pigeons and doves.
Promise-breaking. Recall instances of, in previous stories.

IV.

Preparation.

Talk of Cinderella's wish to go to the ball. Difficulties in the way. Children imagine how she might be able to go.

Narration.

HOW CINDERELLA WENT TO THE BALL.

After her mother and sisters had gone to the ball, Cinderella felt very lonely and sad. She sat in the kitchen for a while. Then she said to herself, "I will go out to my dear tree; perhaps it will help me."

How pretty and strong the tree looked in the moonlight. Cinderella thought, "Surely, my dear tree will help me." Then she said aloud, "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree. Throw gold and silver down on me." And what do you think happened? Why, the tree shook its branches and down dropped such lovely things,—a beautiful, snow-white dress, all trimmed with gold and silver; and the prettiest little slippers in the world.

Oh, how glad Cinderella was! You may be sure she dressed herself quickly and went to the ball. And when she got there she was the prettiest and sweetest looking girl in all that great company. The prince danced with her. The king and queen spoke kindly to her. They also said to one another, "She is a lovely maiden, so sweet and gentle."

Her mother and sisters did not know her at all. They never thought that the happy looking girl in the beautiful ball dress was their Cinderella.

When it grew late, Cinderella stole quietly out of the ball-room and ran home. She took off her pretty things and took them back to the tree. Then she lay down in her bed in the ashes and was soon fast asleep.

When her sisters and their mother came home they woke her. "O Cinderella!" they said, "we had a delightful time. And there was the most beautiful girl there! She wore a dress all trimmed with gold and silver. And the prince danced with her. We wondered who she could be." Cinderella laughed softly to herself, but she said never a word.

The second night of the ball came. Cinderella's sisters had kept her running back and forth waiting upon them; but at last they were dressed.

As soon as they and their mother had gone, Cinderella ran out to her kind friend, the tree. Again she called out, "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree. Throw gold and silver down on me." And down fell a lovely ball dress, prettier even than the one she wore the night before. When Cinderella reached the ball-room, the prince was waiting for her. The king and queen welcomed her; and everyone seemed glad to see this sweet-faced, happy maiden.

How happy Cinderella was! She forgot all about her ragged dress, her clumsy wooden shoes, and her bed in the ashes. She was the happiest of all in that great ball-room.

When it grew late, she again stole quietly away and ran

home. She took off her pretty things and laid them down under the tree, and they were quickly gone. She was asleep when the sisters came home; but they woke her to help them undress and to listen to all their talk about the ball.

The last night of the ball came. How anxious the sisters were to look as fine as possible! How hard they made Cinderella work getting them ready! How cross they were because their dresses were not handsome enough, and how gentle and kind dear Cinderella was to them!

At last they were gone, and Cinderella hurried out to her tree. Again she called out in her sweet voice, "Rustle and shake yourself, dear tree. Throw gold and silver down on me." I wish you could have seen the lovely things that the tree threw down. Such a beautiful dress! Such dear little slippers! And I wish you could have seen Cinderella when she was dressed in all those pretty things.

The prince was waiting for her. He took her by the hand and lead her to his father and mother. "See, dear father and mother," he said, "this is the sweetest maiden in all the world. This is the one I choose to be my wife."

And so Cinderella and the prince were married. Cinderella lived in the palace the rest of her life, and never, never again slept in the ashes.

Suggestions.

Gold and silver. Appearance. Uses of. Source. Recall mention in other stories.

Patience and sweetness under trial.

THE WONDERFUL TRAVELER.

I.

Preparation.

I am now going to tell you of a wonderful traveler that had the power of giving to each one whatever he wished. I will tell you how night overtook him on a journey and how he was refused a place to sleep by a proud man who lived in a mansion, but was made welcome and given a bed and food by a kind, generous man who lived in a little hut near the mansion. You will hear of three wishes granted and what each one wished for.

Do you remember anyone overtaken by darkness while on a journey in our stories? Yes. Star Dollar Girl. The Girl in "Mother Frost." The Cock and the Hen. The Street Musicians. Tell how each one passed the night. Where have you seen a traveler? Our story happened long ago, before there were railroads and before there were many inns. Explain *opposite.*

Narration.

THE TRAVELER.

A long time ago there was a wonderful traveler passing through a country. He was tired, footsore, and hungry. It

happened that night overtook him when he was a long way from an inn. He did not know what he should do.

Finally, as he trudged along, he came to two houses standing opposite each other. One was large and beautiful, the other was small and ugly. The large house belonged to a proud, selfish man; the other to a modest, generous man.

The traveler thought, "Now, I would not be a burden to the man who lives in the large house because he has so much room. I will knock at his door." As he knocked the owner raised a window, looked out, and asked of the stranger what he wanted. The poor traveler answered, "I ask only a place to sleep over night." The proud man looked the stranger over from head to foot. And because his clothes were poor and soiled with dust, and because he did not look like one who had money to pay for his lodging, the owner shook his head and said, "I cannot take you in, for my house is full. If I received into my house everyone that came along, I should soon have to go begging myself. Seek elsewhere for your night's lodging." At that he closed the window with a bang, and left the poor traveler standing without in the darkness.

The weary traveler then went to the cottage and knocked gently at the door. Scarcely had he knocked when the generous man unlocked his door and cheerfully called out, "Come in, stranger, and pass the night with me. It is now quite dark. You can go on your journey in the morning."

This welcome pleased the traveler and he went in. The good man's wife took him by the hand. "We have not much," she said, "but what we have you are welcome to." She then put some potatoes on the fire to bake. While they were cooking she milked the goats so that there might be a little milk for the evening meal.

Suggestions.

1. Tell of the two houses that the wonderful traveler came to on his journey. To whom did the houses belong? Why did the traveler knock at the door of the mansion? Who answered the knock? What was said? Why did the proud man refuse the traveler a night's lodging? Tell the words he used. Where, then, did the traveler turn? How was he received at the cottage? Tell what was said. What did the wife say and do?

Reproduction.

2. What animal furnishes us milk?

Where are cows kept? Who brings us milk?

3. Do you like it that the traveler was refused a night's lodging at the mansion? What should the owner have said to him? Was the proud man kind? Was he friendly? Do we always welcome strangers? Would we take strangers into our homes?

4. What can you say of the poor man and his wife? What shall we say of them? Were they generous, kind, hospitable? (They gave the stranger welcome and the best they had.)

5. Why did the proud man look at the traveler's clothes? Who else refused to keep lodgers over night because he thought at first they could not pay? (Landlord in "The Cock and The Hen.")

II.

Preparation.

We shall now learn how the stranger passed the night,

and of three wishes he granted to the good old man and his wife. What do you suppose the good people asked for?

Narration.

THE KIND MAN GRANTS WISHES.

When the table was spread, they all sat down and ate. The plain food tasted good to them because they were all happy. After they had eaten, and bedtime had come, the good woman said to her husband, "Let us make for ourselves a bed of straw on the floor and give our bed to the traveler so that he may rest well. He has been traveling the whole day and must be very weary." "With all my heart," said her husband; "I will offer our bed to him." Then he went to the stranger and said to him, "We want you to sleep in our bed to-night. You are tired and you can rest better there."

At first the stranger would not take the bed from the old people. But they would not take no for an answer, so finally he consented and lay down for the night in the comfortable bed. The two old people made a bed of straw on the floor. Early the next morning they were up. They cooked their guest a breakfast of the best they had.

As the sun shone through the window the traveler arose, ate his simple meal with the good man and his wife, and was about to depart. As he stood in the door, ready to go, he turned to them and said, "Because you are so good and hos-

pitable, you may make three wishes and I will fulfill them."

The old people were surprised and at first did not know what to say. Then they wished as the first wish that they might always be contented. For the second, that they might always have health and their daily bread. For their third wish they did not know what to wish. But the wonderful traveler looked at their poor little house and said, "Would you not like to have a new house as your last wish?" "Oh, yes!" they cried. "A new house would please us best of anything." The wonderful traveler then gave them their wish and changed their old house into a new, large and beautiful one. When he had done this, he bade them good-bye and departed.

Suggestions.

1. Why did the food taste good? What offer did the good man and wife make the traveler? Where did they sleep? What did the wonderful traveler offer to the good people? What was their first wish? Their second? Their third? Reproduction.

2. Tell in what ways the good man and wife were kind, generous, and hospitable. What pleases you in the treatment of the traveler? Do you like the three wishes? What might they have wished for? What is it to be contented? Do you know any who are never contented? Who was not contented in "Mother Frost"? In "The Wolf and the Fox"? In "Cinderella"?

III.

Preparation.

Let us hear now how surprised the man who lived in the mansion was the next morning when he saw the fine new

house across the way, and how he found out about the three wishes. Also how he overtook the wonderful traveler and obtained the promise of three wishes for himself.

Narration.

THE PROUD MAN OVERTAKES THE TRAVELER.

When the proud man arose and looked out of his window, imagine his surprise to see a beautiful new house, with red-tiled roof and bright windows, where the ugly little hut had stood the night before. He called his wife and said, "Just see there! How could it have happened? Yesterday evening the ugly little hut stood there. Now there is a beautiful new house. Run over there quickly and learn how it happened."

The wife ran over to the new house and inquired of the good people how it came there. The generous man told her of the wonderful traveler who had sought a night's lodging and who, at his departure the next morning, had granted them three wishes,—contentedness, health and daily bread, and a fine new, red-tiled house.

When the proud man's wife heard this, she hastened back and told her husband all that had happened. The man said, "What a fool I am! Had I only known! That man knocked at our door last night, but I sent him away." "Then," said his wife, "hurry, get on your horse! You can overtake him and maybe he will grant you three wishes."

So the proud man jumped on his horse and rode after the traveler. He soon overtook him and said, "I hope you will forgive me for not letting you in last night. I went to find the door key and when I returned with it you had gone. When you come this way again, you must stop with me." "Yes," said the traveler, "when I come this way again I will stop at your house."

Then the proud man asked, "May I not also have three wishes fulfilled like my neighbor?" "Yes," said the traveler, "you may; but it would be better for you not to wish for anything." The proud man replied, "I would certainly seek out something that would make me happy if I only knew that it would be given me." "Very well," said the traveler, "go home and your three wishes shall be fulfilled."

Suggestions.

1. What did the inhospitable man see over the way the next morning? Describe the house. What did he do? Tell what he said to his wife. What did she do? Tell what the good people told her. Tell what the proud man said when his wife told him how it happened. What did his wife tell him to do? Tell what the proud man said when he had overtaken the traveler. What did he ask for? Was his request granted? Repeat what was said.

2. What are tiles? Where are they placed on a house? What are they for? Tell the names of the different parts of a house. (*Foundation, cellar or basement, first story,* etc.) Name as many different kinds of buildings as you can. (*Schoolhouses, churches, store buildings,* etc.) Tell of large buildings you have seen and what they were used for.

3. Did the good man and woman tell the truth about how they came to have a new house? Did the proud man tell the truth about going for

the key? Why did he try to deceive the wonderful traveler? Was he truly sorry that he had been selfish? Whose conduct pleases you? Was the traveler grateful to the poor people? Why do you think he granted the same favor to the unkind man? What did he say when he told the man he might have three wishes granted?

4. Who deceived in "The Seven Little Goats"? In "Red Riding Hood"? In "Death of the Cock"? In "Mother Frost"? How were they all punished?

Reproduction.

IV.

Preparation.

We will next learn how the proud man had his wishes granted. What do you suppose he will wish for? Let us see.

Narration.

THE PROUD MAN'S WISHES.

Now that the proud man had obtained what he wanted, he started home very happy and began to think what he would wish for. As he rode along he let the bridle reins hang loose on the horse's neck. All at once his horse began to jump and rear upon his hind feet. His master patted him on the neck and said, "Be still, there." But the horse jumped and reared all the more. At last the master became very angry and said, "I wish you would break your neck." No sooner had he spoken the words than his horse fell backward, broke his neck, and died. Thus was the first wish of the proud man fulfilled.

But the proud man was very careful not to lose anything,

so he took the saddle from the dead horse, threw it on his back, and started home on foot.

"Now," he thought, "I have two wishes left." In this way he comforted himself. His road lay through deep sand. It was noon. The sun shone hot and the saddle made his back sore. This made him sigh. He was so warm and uncomfortable. He had not yet made up his mind what to wish. He turned many things over in his mind. "I will manage it," he thought, "so that there will be nothing more in all the world to wish."

Many times he thought, "Now I have found it." But presently it would seem that his wish was too small. Then he began to think of his wife sitting at home in the cool house enjoying herself. This made him out of humor and, without thinking, he said, "I wish that she sat there at home on my saddle, and could not get free from it, instead of its being here on my back!" No sooner said than he felt the saddle disappear and knew that his second wish had been granted.

Then he began to be afraid and he ran toward home as fast as he could. He wanted to get home and sit down in a quiet room and think what he would ask for in his third wish. He wanted to wish something as large as he could. But, as he came to his house and opened the door, there sat his wife on the saddle. She was very red in the face, and very angry, and she shrieked at the top of her voice.

"Be contented," said her husband, "I am going to wish you all the riches in the world. Just be quiet." But she answered, "What good would all the riches in the world do me if I have to sit on this saddle always? You have wished me on it and now you must wish me off." The proud man must now, whether willing or not, use his third wish to get his wife free from the saddle. So he said, "I wish you may get off the saddle."

When his wife stood again upon her feet she began to scold her foolish husband. "You are very silly and stupid," she exclaimed; "I could have managed it much better." Thus the proud man had nothing for his pains but anger, scolding, and a dead horse. His neighbors, however, lived contented and quiet, but happy, till the end of their days.

Suggestions.

1. Tell how the proud man started home. What did the horse do? Tell about the man's first wish. Tell about the saddle. What put him out of humor? How did he think he would manage his remaining wishes? Tell about his second wish. Why did he hasten home? What did he find there? Tell about his third wish. What did his wife say to him when she regained her liberty? What had he for his pains? How did his neighbors live?

Reproduction.

2. Where have you seen a horse with saddle and bridle on? What is the saddle used for? The reins? How is the saddle fastened on? Do you know the names of some parts of the horse's harness? I will tell you some. Here is a picture of a horse with harness on. [Show picture.] Tell how horses are used. Which is more useful, a horse or a donkey? In what story did we learn of a donkey? Which do we like better? Do men ride donkeys, too? Tell how we should care for our horses.

3. Was the traveler right when he told the proud man it would be better if he did not wish at all? Why did he fare so badly in his wishes? Why didn't he wish better things?

Was he as wise as his neighbor?

Was he as happy?

HANS AND THE FOUR BIG GIANTS.

(Text from "In Story Land," by Elizabeth Harrison.)

I.

Preparation.

The story of a boy who lived in the country. The story tells of his home life, how he went away to work in a great city, how he wished to serve a lovely princess, and how four great giants helped him. First, we shall hear of his home in the country. Talk of country sights and sounds. Children give their experiences.

Narration.

THE HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy whose name was Hans. His home was in a village where the tall trees shaded the green grass that grew around the houses. Hans loved his home very much. He loved to hear the birds sing and to watch them fly high in the air, and he often threw crumbs upon the ground for them to eat.

He loved the bright red and blue and yellow flowers which grew in the garden behind the house. He delighted in sweet odors which came all unseen from their very hearts. So he

gladly watered them when they looked thirsty. His mother soon taught him how to place strong, straight sticks beside the weak vines so that they, too, could climb up and get the sunlight.

Hans loved the dear old hens and their downy chickens that were not afraid to peck the grain out of his hand. In fact, Hans loved everything and everybody about him, from the small naked worms which crawled about among the clods of earth, up to the strange and beautiful stars which shone so high above his head. He was a very happy little fellow, always busy, always finding something to do for somebody.

Suggestions.

1. Question to deepen and connect the story.

Reproduction.

2. A talk about gardens and flowers, chickens and how they are cared for. Earth worms, their habits, appearance, habitat, uses.

Explain *clods*.

3. Kindness to dependent creatures. Recall Cinderella's kindness to birds. Kindness of Rose-red and Snow-white to animals.

II.

Preparation.

How Hans helped his father work in the forest, and how he left home to work in a big city.

Talk of work in a forest and in the city.

Narration.

LEAVING HOME.

By and by, when Hans grew to be a tall, strong lad, he used to go with his father to the forest to chop wood and thus help earn money which went to buy food and clothes for his mother and his three younger brothers. For Hans' father was poor, and money was scarce in his family.

After a time, when Hans had grown so tall that you and I would call him a young man, his father said to him, "Hans, my boy, it is time now that you started out to hunt some work for yourself. Your next younger brother can help me with the wood-chopping and the smaller ones can help the mother in the work about the house. You must go out into the world and learn how to take care of yourself; and perhaps, some day, you may have to take care of your mother and me, when we grow too old to work."

So Hans' mother packed his clothes in a little bundle; and, as she kissed him good-bye, she said, "Hans, my precious son, always be brave and true, and the good God will take care of you." Hans then bade farewell to his father and his younger brothers and started on his journey.

Suggestions.

1. Question to emphasize the thought of the story.
2. Reproduction.
3. A talk of how each one in this family had his share of the work. Talk about the mother's parting words to Hans.

MOTTO: *Be brave and true.*

III.

Preparation.

How Hans came to a large city and found work there. Talk about the sights and sounds of a great city. Recall idea of village. Children imagine what kind of work Hans looked for.

Narration.

HANS IN THE CITY.

Hans walked a long way until, by and by, he came to a great city, where the houses looked dingy with smoke and the rattle of the carts and wagons made a roaring noise.

After a time he found some work in the shop of a blacksmith and, although the work was grimy and rather hard to do, Hans used to like to see the sparks fly from the red-hot iron every time he struck a blow with his heavy hammer.

He was very proud when, at last, he could shape the iron into a fine horse-shoe almost as well as the smith himself. Hans did not know it, but this very work was making his arms grow big and strong, and his chest broad and full.

Suggestions.

1. Question to deepen and connect the story.
Reproduction.
2. Country and city. Blacksmith work.

Iron; things made from iron; qualities and source of iron.
3. Determination and industry of Hans.
Recall examples of industry and laziness in other stories.
MOTTO: *Try, try again.*

IV.

Preparation.

Hans sees a lovely princess and wishes to serve her. He goes to her father's palace.

How could Hans serve a princess?

Recall explanation of *princess* and *palace.*

Explain *governor, provinces, enchanted.*

Narration.

THE KING'S PALACE.

Every day Hans used to see a beautiful princess drive past the blacksmith's shop. She was the most beautiful princess in the world; and, although her blue eyes and golden hair were admired by everyone, she was chiefly beloved because of her sweet smile.

Hans used often to say to himself, "How I wish I could serve this lovely princess." At last one day he went to the palace gate and asked the gate-keeper if there was not some work in the palace which he could do. "What can you do?" asked the gate-keeper. "I am willing to do any kind of work which the king may need to have done," answered Hans.

Then the gate-keeper passed him on to the keeper of the king's palace. "What can you do?" asked the keeper of the king's palace, also. "I am willing to do any kind of work which the king may need to have done," replied Hans. So the keeper of the palace told the king that there was a strong, tall young man without who wanted to serve him.

When Hans came into the presence of the mighty king, the monarch looked at him very hard for a few moments and then said, "What can you do, young man?" And again Hans replied, "I am willing to do anything that you need to have done. I would like to serve the lovely princess." "You would, would you?" cried the king. "Now, I will test you. In the bottom of the North Sea there lies a string of enchanted pearls. If you will get those pearls and bring them to me, you shall serve my daughter, the princess, and in time I may make you governor over one of my provinces,—who knows?" And the king laughed to himself. Hans was wild with delight and, turning, hastened out of the palace.

Suggestions.

1. Question to deepen and connect the story.
Reproduction.
2. Talk of sea and the North Sea; of pearls.
3. Hans' ability to do hard work. The value of being able to work. Courageous disposition.

V.

Preparation.

Hans starts on his journey and meets a giant, who helps him on his way.

Talk of possible ways in which Hans may journey.

Narration.

HANS STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY.

The very next day Hans started on his journey to the North Sea. He walked a long ways, and until he was very tired. At length, just ahead of him he saw a big giant rushing along in a very strange fashion.

"Good morning," said Hans, as he caught up with the giant. "What a very large giant you are!" "Yes," replied the giant, looking down at Hans, "I have need to be both large and strong. Where are you going, young man?" "I am going," answered Hans, "to the North Sea, to get a string of enchanted pearls which lies at the bottom of the sea." "Ah!" said the tall giant, "it will take a long time to get there. Now, if you could walk as fast as I can, it would be an easy matter."

"How fast can you walk?" asked Hans. "I can walk faster than a greyhound can run," said the giant, "and when I run swiftly, a river cannot keep pace with me." "Can you,

indeed?" exclaimed Hans; "what a fine fellow you are! I wish you would come along with me. After I find the string of pearls I want to get back to the king's palace as soon as possible, for I am to serve the beautiful princess." "If that's the case," said the giant, "I think I will go along with you." And the two went along together.

Suggestions.

1. Question to deepen the story.
Reproduction.
2. Talk of different modes of travel known to the children. How a giant locomotive helps.
3. Hans' politeness to strangers. Friendliness.

VI.

Preparation.

Hans meets another giant who offers to help him. Recall the first giant and his aid. Children imagine who the second giant may be.

Narration.

HANS MEETS A SECOND GIANT.

Hans and the first giant went along together until they saw what Hans thought must be a huge, round stone lying in the road. When, however, they came up to it, he saw that it was another big giant lying asleep by the roadside. The hot

sun was pouring down upon his face. "Stay here," said Hans, "until I can cut a branch from some tree to shade that poor fellow's face. The sun is so hot it will soon blister him."

At these words, the first giant laughed aloud. "Ho, ho!" he cried, "don't you know who that is? He is a neighbor of mine. He has such strong eyes that he can see a fly on a leaf of a tree a mile away."

The loud laugh of the first giant awoke the sleeping giant, and he opened his great eyes and stared at Hans. "What are you doing, young man?" growled he. "Oh, nothing," said Hans; "I was merely sticking these branches into the ground so that they might keep the sun out of your face." "Bah!" cried the great giant, sitting up. "Did you not know that my eyes are so strong that I could look the noonday sun straight in the face?"

"Indeed! Indeed!" said Hans; "what a wonderful giant you must be! I wish you would come with me. I may need your strong eyes, for I am on my way to the North Sea to search for an enchanted necklace of pearls which lies at the bottom of the sea." "Oh, ho!" said the giant, "if that's the case, I think I will go with you." So Hans and the two big giants walked on together.

Suggestions.

1. Question to connect the story.
Reproduction.

2. Talk of things that magnify;—spectacles; opera glasses; microscopes; telescopes. Their uses.

3. The willingness of the great giants to help.

VII.

Preparation.

Hans meets a third giant who goes with him on his journey to the North Sea.

Recall the other giants and their work. Children imagine who the third giant may be.

Narration.

HANS MEETS A THIRD GIANT.

Hans and the two big giants went on together. They had not gone more than three or four miles when Hans spied another great giant sitting under a tall tree.

As they came up to him the wind blew his hat off his head. "I will fetch it for you," cried Hans, as he ran forward after the hat. But, before he could get to the spot where the hat lay, the big giant reached out his long arm and himself picked up his hat and put it again on his head.

At this all three of the huge giants laughed. "Didn't you know that he is the giant who can reach five hundred yards?" asked the long-legged giant. "No," exclaimed Hans, clapping his hands with delight. "You are just the giant I need. When

I get to the North Sea you can reach down to the bottom of it and pick up the enchanted necklace of pearls. Will you not come and help me?" The new giant thought for a minute or two, and then said, "Oh, yes, I will go along if I can be of any use to you."

So Hans and the three big giants started gayly forward on their journey to the North Sea.

Suggestions.

1. Reproduction.
2. Talk about things that lift. Their uses.
3. Obligingness. Recall instances of in "Mother Frost" and in "Snow-white and Rose-red" stories.

VIII.

Preparation.

Hans meets a fourth giant. Who can this giant be?

Narration.

HANS MEETS A FOURTH GIANT.

Hans and the three big giants had not gone far before Hans saw in the distance another giant quietly leaning up against a very large rock. He seemed so deep in thought that he did not see Hans and his fellow travelers until they came near to where he stood.

Hans noticed that both of this giant's ears were stopped

with cotton. "Have you earache?" asked Hans. "Perhaps I can do something to ease your pain."

"Oh, no," said the giant, "I merely stuffed cotton into my ears to shut off some of the sounds about me. I can hear so well that I can tell what men are saying a hundred miles away from me."

"What a valuable giant you must be!" exclaimed Hans. "Will you not come with us? When I get the enchanted necklace of pearls, you can tell me whether it will be safe to take it back to the king's palace."

The giant, being very good-natured, said, "You think you will need me, do you? Well, I'll go along." So Hans and the four big giants walked on.

Suggestions.

1. Talk of things that help us hear:—speaking-tubes, telephones, etc.
2. Taking time to be kind. Instances in other stories of people stopping to do a kindness.

IX.

Preparation.

The story tells how Hans got the necklace, how the giants helped him, and how he carried the necklace to the lovely princess.

Recall position of the necklace. The children imagine how the giants aided Hans.

Narration.

HOW HANS GOT THE NECKLACE.

Hans and the four giants went on until they came to the North Sea. Then they got a boat and rowed out to the deep water. The giant who could see so far soon found the place where the necklace lay on the sand at the bottom of the sea.

Then the giant whose arms were long reached down and picked up the necklace and laid it in the boat.

Hans and the giants now rowed back to the shore. As soon as they had landed, the giant who could hear so well took the cotton out of his right ear and listened to what was being said at the king's palace. He heard the people in the palace talking of a grand festival which was to take place the next night in honor of the birthday of the beautiful princess.

He told Hans what he had heard, and the giant who could run so fast stooped down and let Hans climb up and seat himself on his great shoulders. Away the two sped, faster than a bird could fly. They reached the palace in time for Hans to give the enchanted necklace of pearls to the king, just as he was about to seat his beautiful daughter on a throne beside his own.

The king was so pleased to get the necklace that he at once gave Hans the office of serving the beautiful princess. Hans served her so faithfully that she learned to love him dearly, and in time they were married.

When the old king died, Hans was made king and the beautiful princess was queen.

Hans, you may be sure, took good care of his old father and mother, and both he and his queen did everything they could to make all the people in their kingdom industrious and happy.

Hans persuaded his four friends, the giants, to come and live in his kingdom and through them it became the richest and most prosperous country on the face of the earth, so that travelers came from all over the world to visit it.

Suggestions.

Question to deepen and connect story. Reproduction.
A talk about the four giants and their work.
Everyone helps him who helps himself.
Gratitude to and loving remembrance of parents.

THE FIR TREE.

I.

Preparation.

The story of a little fir tree that grew in the forest. The story tells about the pleasant home this little tree had, and yet that it was discontented.

Recall idea of forest. Explain *discontented.*

The children imagine why the tree was discontented.

Narration.

IN THE FOREST.

Far away in the forest grew a pretty little fir tree. The sun shone on this little tree. The birds sang to it. The wind kissed it. Other trees grew around it. The forest was a very pleasant place, and yet the fir tree was unhappy.

It wanted to be tall and old like the big pines and firs which grew around it. Sometimes little children came with baskets of berries. They would sit upon the ground near the fir tree; and as they ate berries, they chatted merrily. "Is this not a pretty little tree?" they would say. And the fir tree felt more unhappy than ever because the children called it little.

Yet all the while it was growing taller and stronger. Still, as it grew, it would sigh and say, "Oh, how I wish I were as

tall as the other trees! I would spread out my branches on every side. My top would overlook the wide world. The birds would build their nests in my branches, and when the wind blew I would gracefully bow my head."

The tree was so discontented that it took no pleasure in the warm sunshine, the merry birds, or the rosy clouds that floated over it morning and evening.

When winter came the snow lay white and glistening upon the ground. Then a frisky hare came springing along. Right over the little fir tree it jumped, and oh, how vexed the little fir tree was! Two winters passed by. When the third winter came the tree was so tall that the hare had to run around it. But still the foolish tree was discontented and said, "Oh, if I could only be taller and older! There is nothing else I wish for in all the world."

Suggestions.

A talk about fir trees and other evergreens, such as pine and hemlock. Compare with the fir tree.

Recall another story in which some one picked berries. ("Sweet Rice Porridge.")

Talk of berries. Children tell of their experiences in picking berries. Recall mention of hare in another story. The wind.

Discontent.

II.

Preparation.

The story tells how wood-cutters came to the forest and cut some of the tallest fir trees.

Recall mention of wood-cutters and their work. The children imagine why the tallest trees were cut down.

Narration.

THE WOOD-CUTTERS.

In the autumn wood-cutters came to the forest with their shining axes. They set to work to cut down some of the fir tree's tall neighbors. Chop, chop, chop, how their axes flew! And crash! the great trees fell upon the ground. The wood-cutters chopped off all the branches. How bare and straight the trees looked!

"I wonder what will happen next," thought the fir tree. It soon found out, for all these bare trunks were piled upon wagons which were drawn out of the forest by horses. "Where can they be going?" thought the fir tree. "How I wish I knew! How I wish I were going, too!"

In the spring, when the swallows and the storks came back, the fir tree told them about the wood-cutters' visit. "Tell me," it said, "do you know where those trees were taken?" The swallows said, "We do not know." But a wise old stork

nodded his head and said, "Yes, I think I know. I met some new ships as I flew over the sea. These ships had tall masts that smelt like fir. I think they were the trees you spoke of."

"What is the sea? What does it look like?" asked the fir tree. "Dear me," said the stork, "I cannot stop here to tell you. I must go on to my home." And away he flew.

"Cheer up," said the happy sunbeams to the fir tree. The gentle south wind kissed it. The dew watered it. But still the fir tree was unhappy.

Suggestions.

Talk about swallows and storks. The return of the birds in spring. The sea. Ships. Where seen by the children. Appearance of masts and sails; their uses. Other uses of tall, strong trees.

III.

Preparation.

The story tells that at Christmas time the men came to the forest and cut down some beautiful young trees. The children imagine why these trees were cut down at Christmas time.

Narration.

OTHER TREES GO FROM THE FOREST.

Christmas time drew near and men came to the forest again. This time many young trees were cut down. These

trees, which were very pretty, kept their branches. They were laid in wagons and drawn by horses out of the forest.

"Where are they going?" asked the fir tree. "They are not taller than I am. Indeed, one is not so tall. And their branches are not cut off. Where can they be going?"

"We know, we know," chirped the sparrows. "We have looked in at the windows of the houses in town, and we know what is done with those pretty young trees. They are dressed up in the most splendid manner. We have seen them standing up in the middle of a warm room. They had many beautiful things hanging upon them, and hundreds of gay-colored candles were fastened to the branches."

"And what happened then?" asked the fir tree. "We did not see any more," said the sparrows. "I wonder if anything so fine will ever happen to me?" thought the fir tree. "Oh, how happy I should be! I wish I were on the wagon, or standing in the warm room with all the brightness around me."

"Be glad with us," said the sunbeams. "Be glad," said the sweet, fresh air. But still the fir tree was discontented and longed to leave its home in the forest.

Suggestions.

Talk about sparrows; their appearance, food, habits, etc.
Reasons for being glad.

IV.

Preparation.

The story tells how the fir tree at last got what it had wished for so long. The children recall the fir tree's wish to be tall and old, and to leave the forest.

Narration.

THE FIR TREE HAS ITS WISH.

One year, just before Christmas, the wood-cutters came again to the forest. They set to work and cut down the discontented fir tree first of all. It was laid on the wagon with other trees and drawn out of the forest.

The fir tree had its wish. It was leaving its home in the forest. But now that the time had come, its heart was sad. It knew that it would never again see the other trees, nor the little bushes, nor the many bright-eyed flowers that had grown around it. "Perhaps," said the tree, "I may never again see my friends, the merry birds." And it felt very sad, indeed.

On it was carried until, at last, it stopped before a large house in the great city. The fir tree heard a man say, "We want only one and this is the prettiest." Then two servants came and carried the tree into a large and very beautiful room. A handsome carpet was on the floor. Pictures hung upon the

walls. Near the great stove stood huge china vases with lions on their lids. There were rocking chairs, and sofas covered with silks. There were many tables loaded with picture-books and playthings. The fir tree was set up in a tub full of sand, but a green cloth was hung all around the tub so that no one could see it.

Soon some young ladies came in and began to trim the tree. How busily they worked! How pretty they made the tree look! On it they hung little bags made of colored paper. Each little bag was filled with candy. Apples and gilded nuts were hung on it. They looked as if they were growing upon the tree. Dolls that looked just like real babies were laid under the lowest branches. Hundreds of red, white and blue tapers were fastened on the tree. At the very top was a beautiful golden star.

"How pretty it looks!" said the young ladies. "How bright it will look to-night!" "How I wish that the night were come and the tapers lighted," thought the tree. "I wonder if the sparrows will peep in at the windows and see me!"

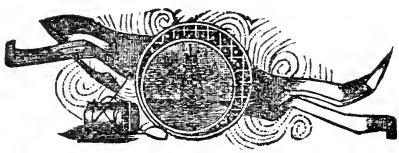
At last night came. How beautiful the tree looked with all its tapers twinkling like tiny stars among its dark green leaves. All at once the door was opened. In rushed a troop of merry children. How they shouted and clapped their hands for joy

when they saw the beautiful tree. Then, hand in hand, they danced around it, singing a sweet Christmas song.

"Ah!" said the fir tree, "at last I am happy."

Suggestions.

A talk on Christmas trees.
The cause of the fir tree's happiness.



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